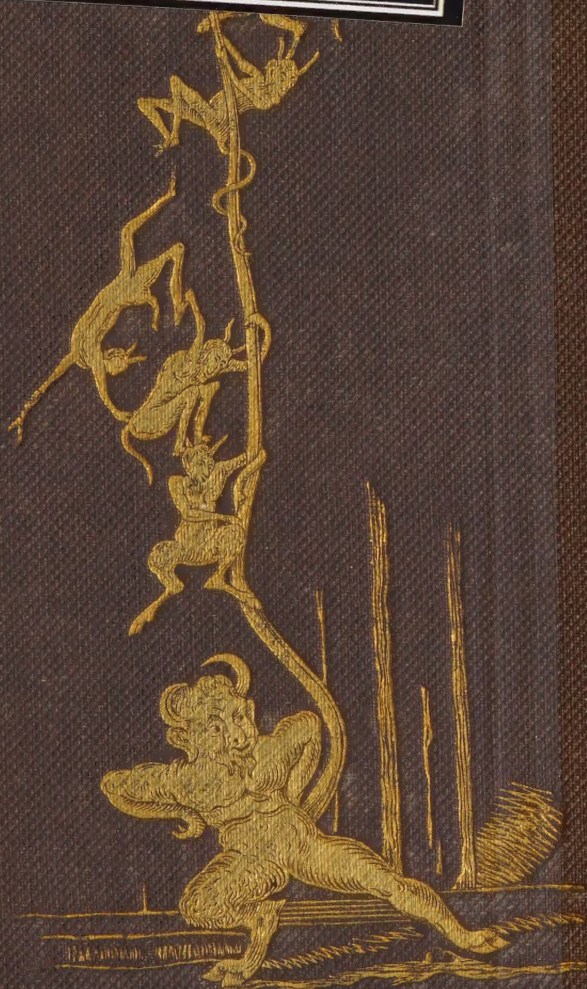


THE SHERIDAN LIBRARIES



3 1151 03718 5950

BIBLIOTHECA FICTIVA

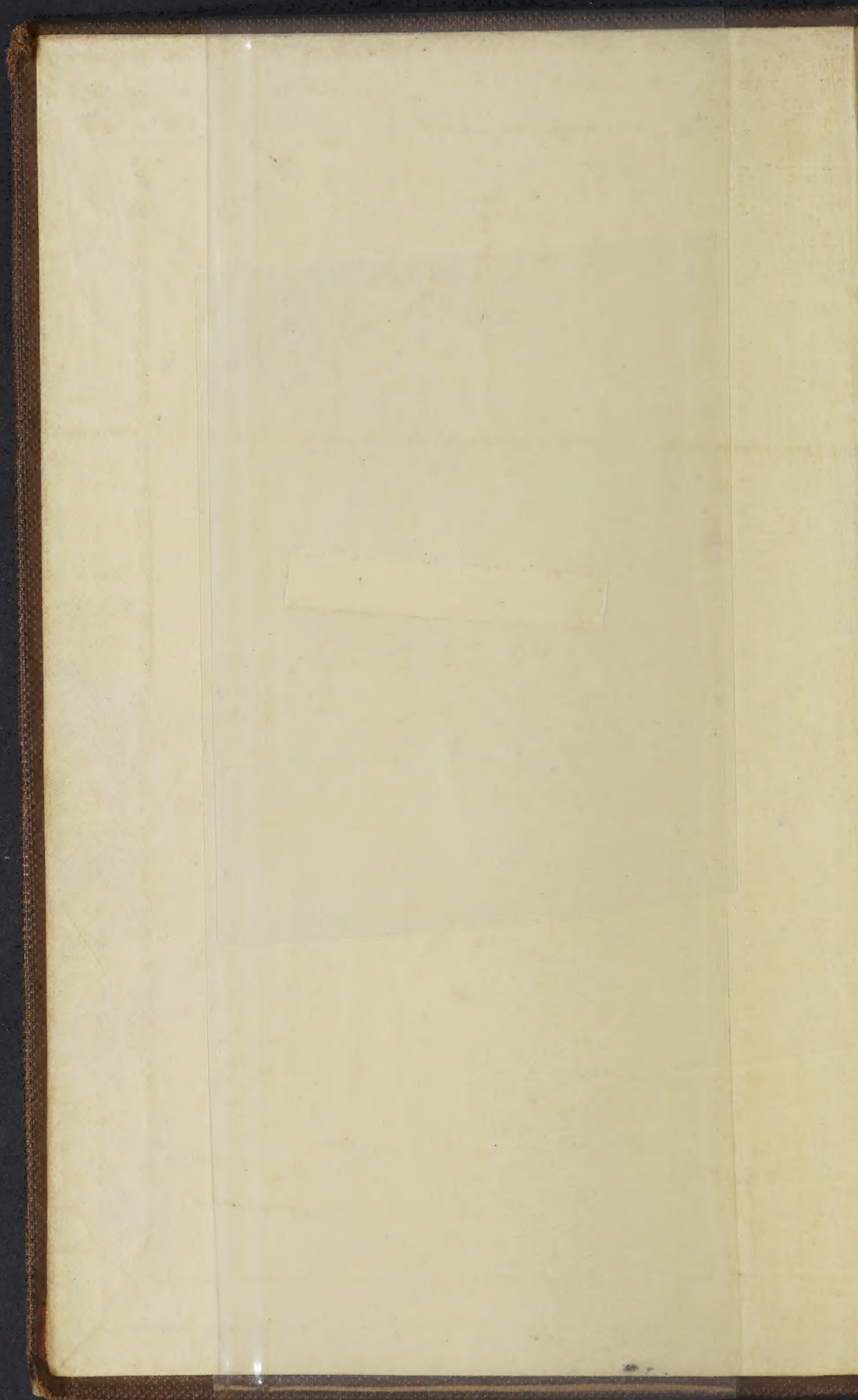


LOCAL
LEGENDS
—
J. DIX







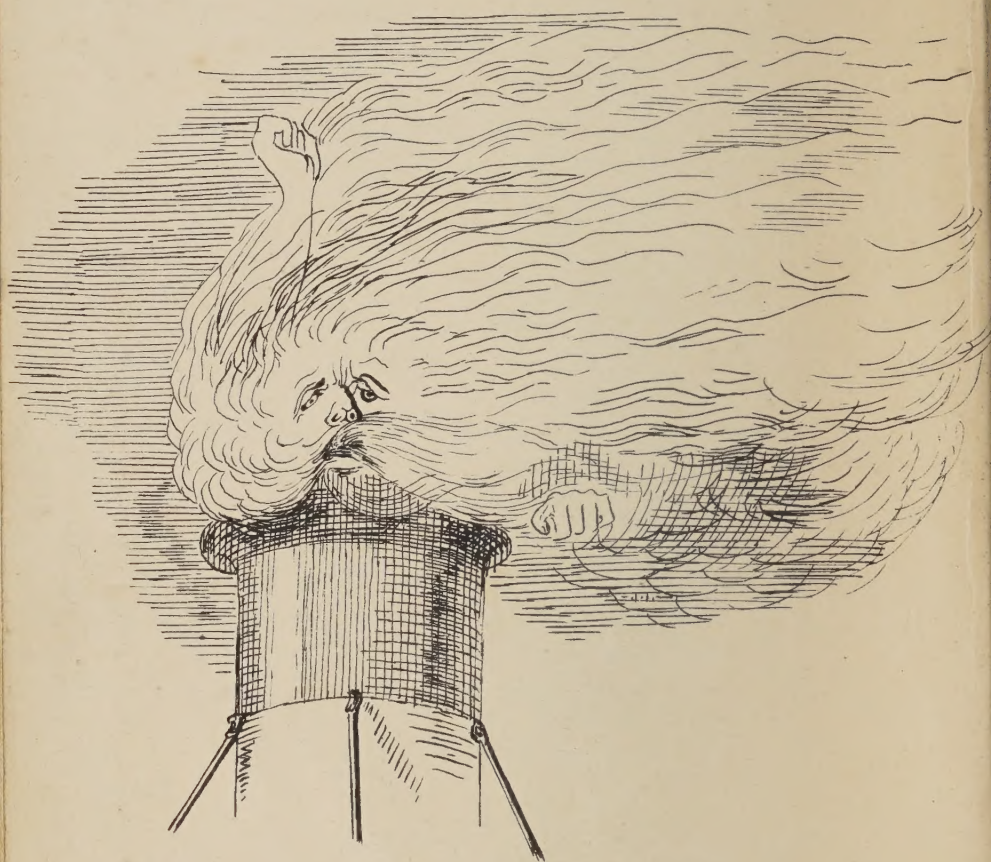


1881.
1839.

109

dv

6/30/R/1850
2



THE GENIUS OF STEAM.



by JOHN DIX.

with Twenty Four Illustrations by A. Pen.

"IPSE DIXIT"

George Davey, Bristol; MDCCCXXXIX.

1000. 1000. 1000.

LOCAL LEGENDS

AND

RAMBLING RHYMES.

BY JOHN DIX,

AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON, &c. &c.

With Illustrations, by "A. Pen."

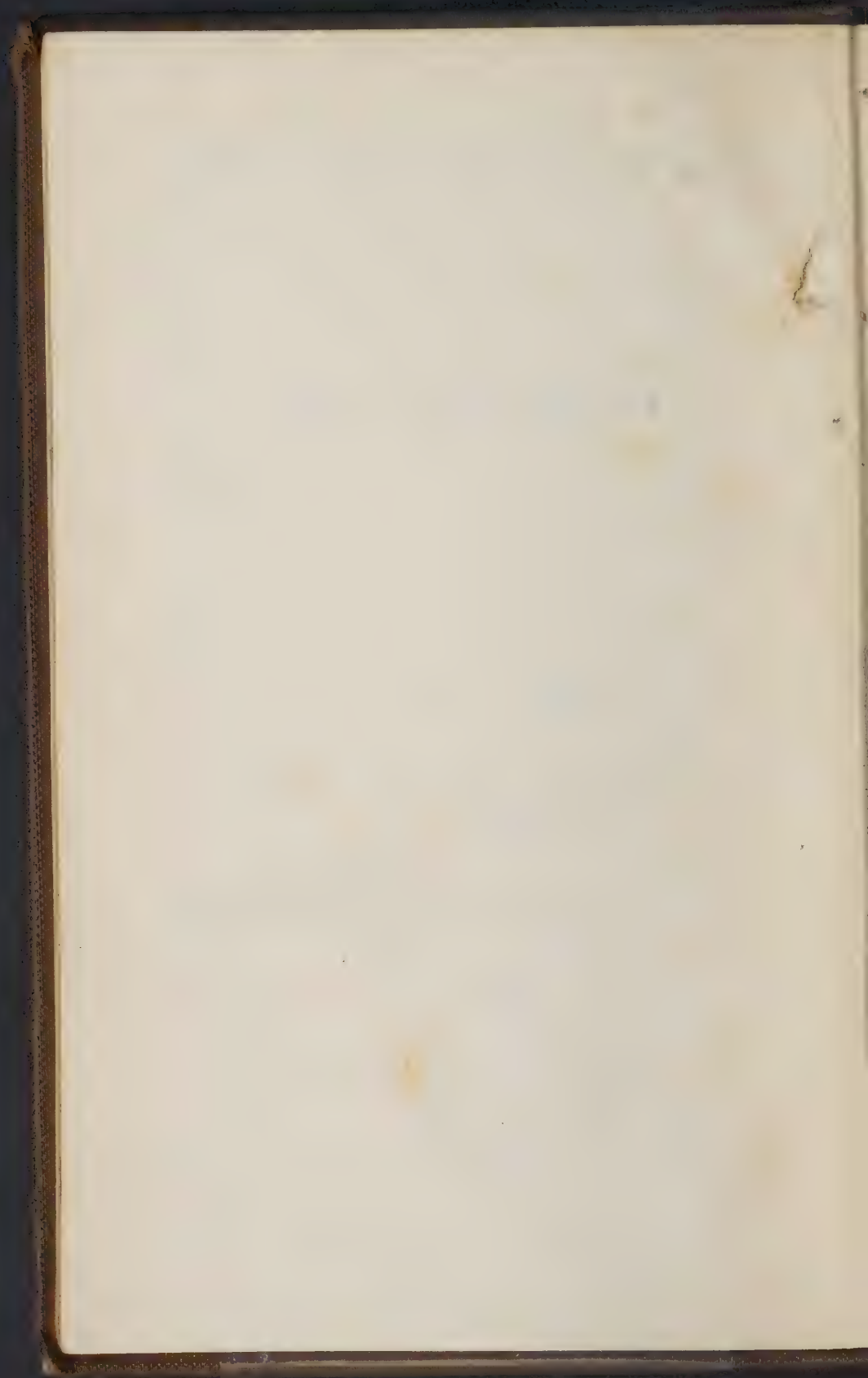
"IPSE DIXIT."

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'George Davey', written over a horizontal line.

BRISTOL:

GEORGE DAVEY, BROAD STREET.

MDCCCXXXIX.



DEDICATION.

TO JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

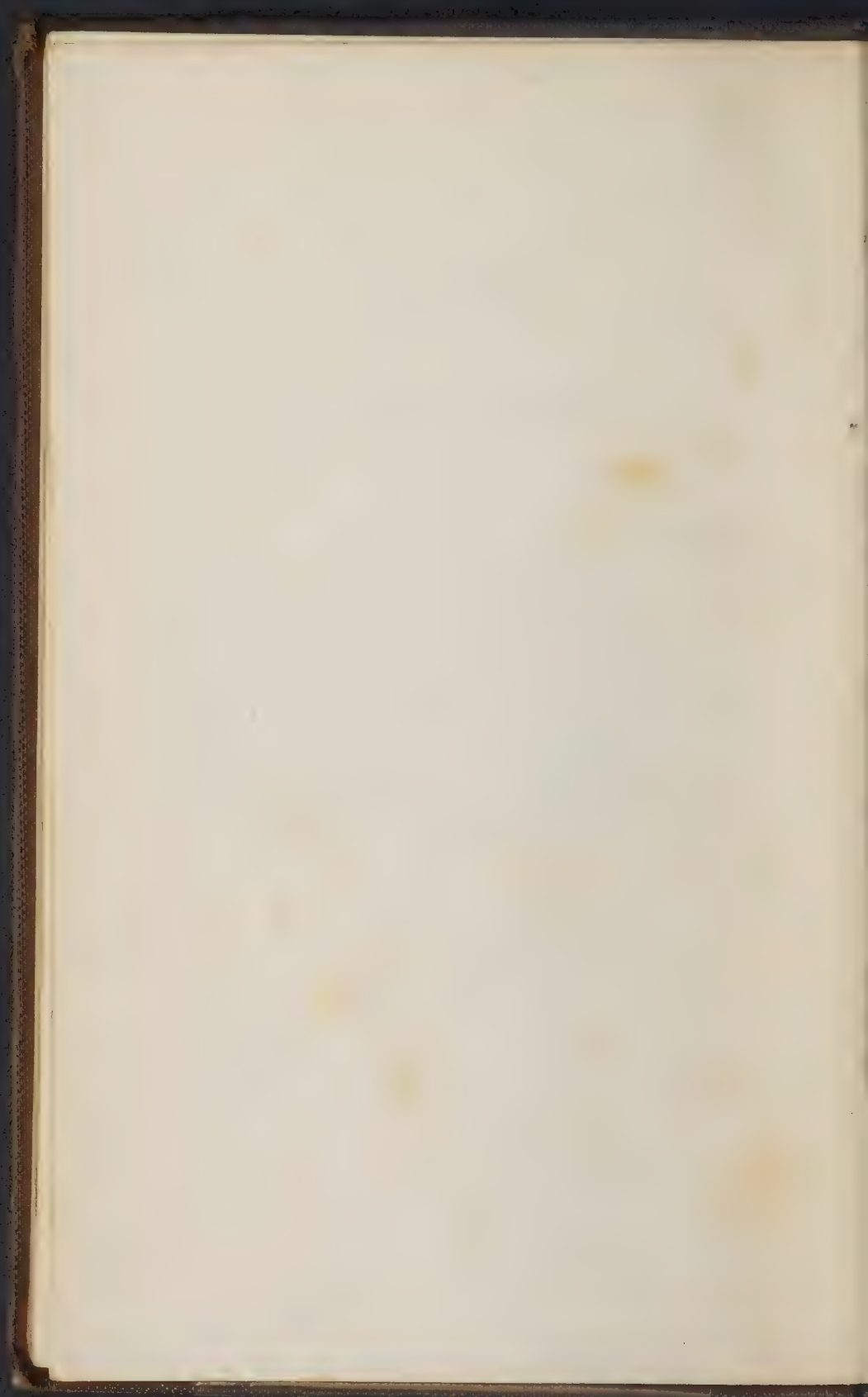
I dislike the very common practice of inscribing books to Duke this, Lord that, or Sir the other; and I prefer acknowledging kindness received, to fishing for favours in expectancy. I am well aware that in dedicating this volume to you, I am making but a meagre return for the many acts of friendship with which you have favoured me; accept of it, however, in the spirit in which it is offered.

And believe me to be,

Dear Sir,

Your's faithfully,

JOHN DIX.



ADDRESS.

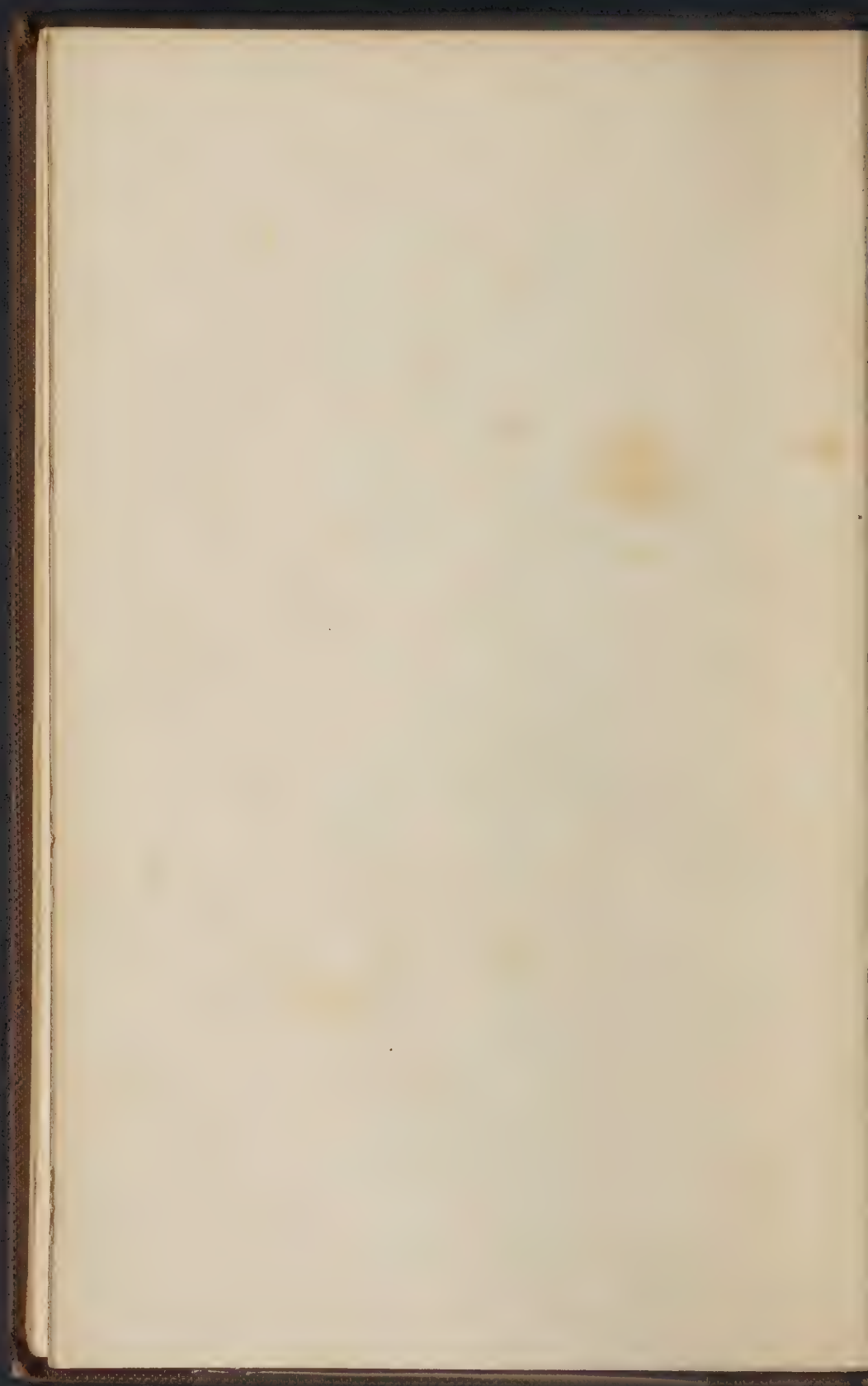
READER! if you be "gentle," I pray you take my "simple stories" for "truth severe in fairy fiction drest;" if you be "simple," remember that I only fish with gentles. I will take it for granted that you *are* gentle, and that whatever your sex may be, you will towards me be "fair." Some may say that I have no title to these stories, excepting that implied by the motto on my title-page; but are all legends founded on truth?—am I the first free translator? I acknowledge that in the matter of Raven's Well, the railroad turned my line, or rather, my lines;—that Mr. Watts's history was after all but a dream;—that the short story of St. Vick was merely an a-bridge-meant, or rather, an a-butt-meant, (for there seems a bar to future proceedings);—that the Bristol Jew was not the one which

“Shakespeare *drew*,” but a humble imitation of the same, the artist being a dentist. I admit (for the ladies may make a great bustle about Mrs. Blake’s tail,) that the Ducking Chair may not entitle me to one cheer more, although it is a cheerful story. I admit also that I may be accused of having had a set-to at the Cow myself, i. e. that the Dun Cow was done by me, and that my Earl Guy was a Guy of my own manufacture. I plead guilty to—but, if I go on I may commit myself before you, my reader, who must judge me. If you be a citizen of Bristol, (I now speak in palliation of my *presumed* offence,) do not think that in giving a delineation of a Dock Director I have been hard upon the city; remember that I have lived hard *by* it, or rather, *in* it, ever since I can remember. Those who criticize me in this respect, will run their heads against a post.

I am informed that these Legends obtained some share of popularity when they first appeared in the “Bristol Mirror.” Having been solicited to collect them in a less ephemeral form, I have revised, and, to suit the taste of our local literary gourmands, dished



A REGULAR GUY.



them up with plates and cuts. For the illustrations I am indebted to a talented and versatile friend of mine—
A. PEN. If Mr. Pen had not been the author of so many lines himself, I might have addressed some to him. Poor wretch! he has been used and abused enough already, and handled by some scurvily. He has been called a “goose,” but he has proved his courage by retaliating on his vilifiers with cold steel. William Penn himself was never so stiff as his calligraphic namesake. Butler must have had a steel pen in his eye, or hand, when he wrote the couplet—

“Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron;”

for authors are an irritable race, and the motto,

“PENSE à bien,”

does not always guide those fingers which grasp in poetic frenzy a double patent implement of the redoubtable Mr. Perry's manufacture. It would be easy to go on punning; but I have no desire to address a “*pensive* public.”

I have endeavoured to render this little book as local as possible: the rhymes, illustrations, printing, &c. are exclusively Bristolian. What the local critics may say I know not, nor am I particularly anxious about the matter; for if "a prophet has no honour in his own country," I cannot imagine that a story-teller will have it in his own city. I have often seen my reflections in the *Mirror*. I am willing to swallow the least possible particle of flying praise from a Martin. In the two Bristol Mills I have little fear of my poetical grain being ground and "mixed with baser matter;" nor do I fear a course of Mercury, that four-winged naked gentleman being kept back from pursuing me with his gilded caduceus, by the iron bar at his back, and his private sense of public decency. To end my newspaper notices—I do not think that the *Times* or *Standard* will use me ill; if they do, I shall only exclaim, "Well!"

One word more, or rather, a few questions. Will the Town Councillors, and other leading men, take an interest in this "Bristol concern," which ought to be bread to some one? Will Mr. King allow me to be "crowned with success?" Will Mr. Lean allow me to

"grow fat on it?" Will Mr. Hare let me be hunted by the hounds, when Gay has written of his "many friends?" Will Mr. Maze amaze me, and refer me to Maize? Will Mr. Case see me in "bad case?" Will Mr. Walker let me come to "a stand still?" Will Mr. Castle deny me the Englishman's privilege of having his house a castle? Will one Mr. George refer me to the old wood cut of St. Christopher, and another to the parish of St. James. Will Mr. Ford say that he cannot *afford* time to read my legends? Will Mr. Daniel be my Do(o)m Daniel? Will Mr. Thomas be a Didymus? Will Mr. Ricketts affect my bones? Will Mr. Ash allude to my stick? Will Mr. Richard Smith "cut me up?" Will Mr. Savage be "sweet upon me?" Will Mr. Herapath give me laughing gas? Will Mr. Drake sentence me to be ducked? Will Mr. Brown order me to be done brown? Will Mr. Carlisle send me to King Cumberland? Will Mr. Harman Visger harm me? Will Mr. Heaven consign me to any other locality? Will Mr. Payne deny me the pleasure of reckoning him amongst my friends? Will Mr. Cann Wilkins drink my health in a "flowing can?" Will

Mr. Mills "give me a turn?" Will Mr. Eddie Sanders be eddie-fied? Will Mr. Fripp throw Bowles at me? Will Mr. Taunton forgive me for having caught hold of his tail? Will Alderman Bushell say that I should have hidden my candle under his namesake? Will Mr. Ward award me for my puns, punishment? Will Alderman Lilly object to my rhyming flowers? Will Alderman Butcher knock me on the head, or cut me up? Will Alderman Riddle find me out? Will Alderman Cole refer to the days of merry King Cole, or cry, "burn it?" if he does the latter, I shall "wish the same" to the cook "wot" does his turtle. In short, as a codicil to my many wills—will the mayor allow me to ride "mine own gait?"

In conclusion, my publisher desires me to say, that whatever becomes of me, he hopes all my friends will go to "DAVEY's locker."

BRISTOL, *September*, 1839.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>
Dedication	iii.
Address	v.

LOCAL LEGENDS.

The Raven's Well	1
Watts's Folly	8
St. Vick.....	14
The Jew of Bristol.....	19
The Ducking Stool.....	26
The Dun Cow	33
Cooke's Folly, Part I.	41
———— Part II.....	47
Maud Easterfield's Vow	58
Mother Pugsley's Well.....	64
The Black Prior.....	70
The Three Kings.....	77
The Ship and Castle	84
John Cabot's Dream	93
Sheriff Yeomans's Execution.....	101

RAMBLING RHYMES.

St. Nicholas' Clock	109
"The Liberty of the Subject practically Exemplified"	116
An Upright Character	120
Ode to Captain Hosken	124
Will. Type and Maria Smith.....	129

INDEX TO THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Designed by A. PEN—Lithographed by LAVARS & ACKLAND.

No.

1. Title Page	<i>To face page</i>	i.
2. A regular Guy	„	vi.
3. Monk and Mass	„	2
4. Shot Tower.....	„	10
5. Deaf to the Consequences.....	„	12
6. A Game of Draughts	„	16
7. The Pledge.....	„	25
8. There's a Duck!	„	32
9. A Large Rib	„	40
10. Snake and Snack.....	„	56
11. A Maudlin Student	„	63
12. An Eye-sore	„	69
13. The Black Pryer	„	72
14. The Three Kings	„	82
15. Fancy Portrait—Van Amburg	„	87
16. The Genius of Steam	„	97
17. A Seedy Subject	„	103
18. A Tried Man	„	106
19. Original Lucifers	„	114
20. Tails of a Barrister	„	119
21. An Upright Man	„	123
22. A Dock Director	„	126
23. A Man of Letters.....	„	129
24. Tail Piece	„	132

LOCAL LEGENDS.

The Raven's Well, 1366.

"Sir John De Gourney, Lord of Knowle, granted the ground for an aqueduct from Pile Hill to Temple Gate, near the Friary of the Brothers Eremite of St. Augustine, from a fountain called Raven's Well."—*Evans's Chronological History*, p. 88.

I.

THERE are crowds in Sir John De Gourney's hall;
But they are not met for a festival;—
Cheeks are wet, and eyes are dim,
And monks are chaunting a doleful hymn;
The sunlight streams through the windows high,
It wakes not mirth, but a mournful sigh;
A bird sings blithely, but oh! its tone
Is only echoed by sigh and groan;

B

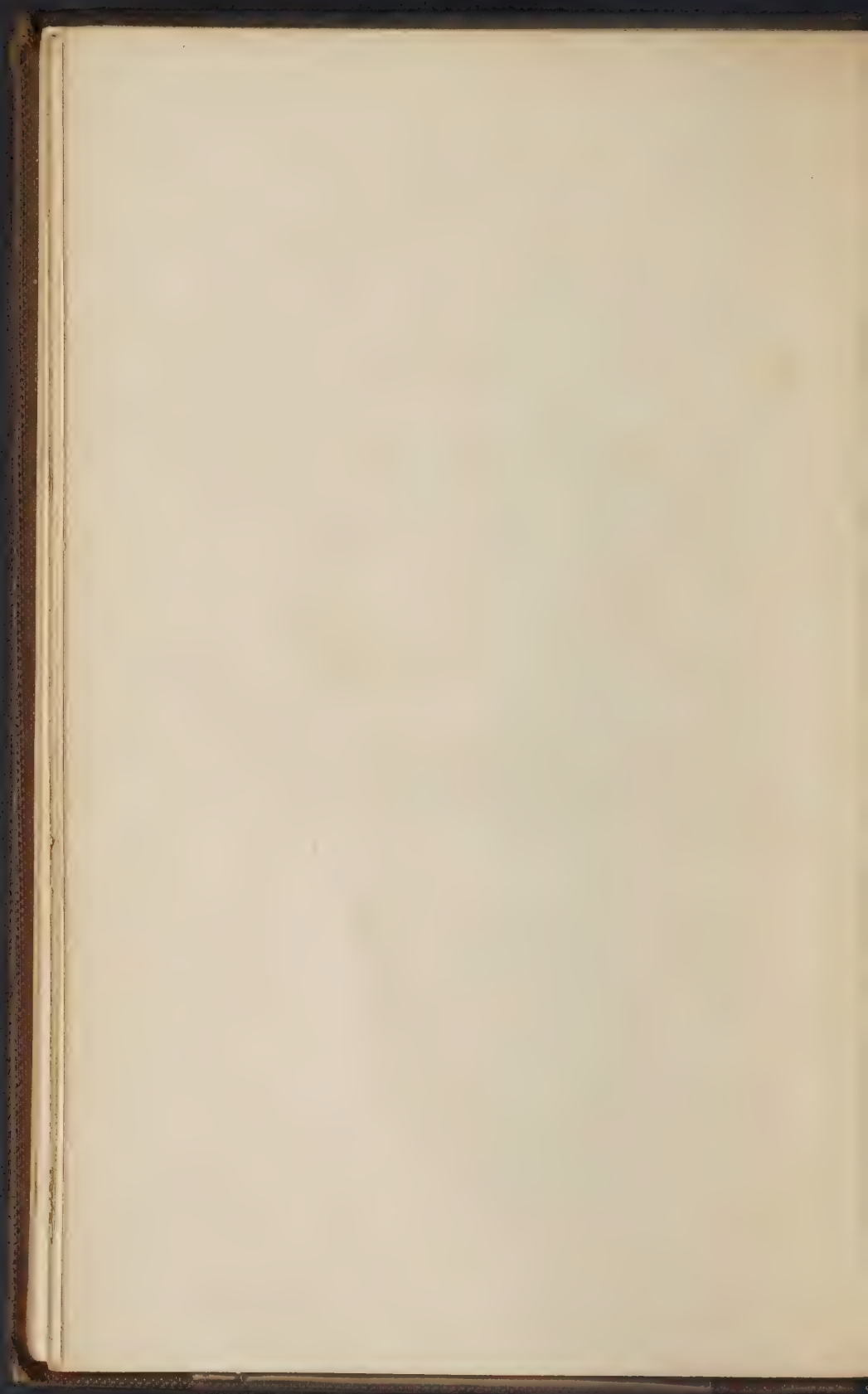
The falconer sits with gloomy brow,
Caring nought for the quarry now;
The huntsman checks his eager hound,
That fain would o'er the greensward bound;
The warder heeds not the castle gate;
The chamberlain thinks no more of state;
All in the hall are sad and sedate;
 The tire-woman stands
 Wringing her hands,
Forgetting even to scold or prate.

II.

Roses, woodbines, and jasmines, clamber
Round the casements of Blanche De Gourney's chamber,
 Shedding perfume
 Through a silent room,
Where, half in light, and half in shade,
De Gourney's only child is laid;
Her cheek is as pale as the fleecy cloud
That floats round the moon like a silver shroud;
Her breath comes short, and her blanch'd lips ever
Tremble, as with convulsive quiver;
No longer her raven hair is braided,
By its masses dark is her white brow shaded;
The light of her eye is quench'd and gone,
And her voice hath chang'd its low sweet tone
For a thrilling and convulsive moan.



MONK & MASS.



III.

The leech sits by her side—his eye
Upon the sufferer bent;
Questioned, he utters no reply,
All on his art intent;
He feels the tide of life flow on
Slowly through every vein,
Now rushing furiously—anon
Lagging and faint again.
And near the couch an Eremite
Prays for the maid, who lies,
'Twixt life's sweet day and death's dark night,
In mortal agonies.

IV.

Sir John De Gourney has vowed that, if Heaven
His daughter's life should spare,
A couple of candlesticks shall be given
To the Virgin, of silver fair;
So the Friars of St. Augustine's pray
Four and twenty times a day;
The Abbot himself doth masses repeat,
For the very best fish, leaves the very best meat,
And every thing is as flat as can be
In St. Augustine's refectory;
Moreover, the Knight hath vowed that he
Will, in case of his daughter's recovery,

His steward instruct
That an aqueduct
Be made through Pile Hill, to the Friary
Of the Eremite Brothers in Temple Dell,
From the famous fountain of RAVEN'S WELL.

v.

On Blanche De Gourney's cheek once more
Bloom health's sweet roses : as of yore
She roams o'er grassy mead and hill,
By many a clear and winding rill.
Released from pain and fear of death,
Far sweeter seems the summer's breath,
That sweeps along the purple heath ;
And every day her limbs acquire
New strength—her eyes an added fire.—
The lark far soaring in the sky
Seemed ne'er to have sang so merrily ;
The brook as it flowed in light along,
Murmured a more delightful song ;
The violets gave a sweeter scent ;
With richer flowers the hedgerows bent ;
The daisies on their flexile stems
Looked brighter with their dewy gems,
Than daisies she before had seen ;
The grass was of a livelier green ;
And all to her young eyes was gay,
As if 'twere nature's holiday.

VI.

There's a feast in De Gourney's hall to-day;
Sorrow hath passed like a shade away: .
A boar's head smokes on the oaken board,
From massive flagons the red wine's pour'd;
Care is forgotten, trouble is drown'd,
The jest is bandied, the laugh goes round;
A would-be wit gets a smartish stroke,
From a buxom maid for an equivoque;
The rafters shake with the merry din,
Many a brain is beginning to spin;
Some of the toppers are crying for more,
Some are measuring their length on the floor;
Some are boasting of foemen slain,
And "fighting their battles o'er again:"
 But the hall doors wide
 Are flung aside,
And quickly is Blanche De Gourney spied
 By the revellers, who
 Pay homage due
To the maid, as she enters in beauty's pride.

VII.

Amid the rugged troop who press
To greet her, Blanche De Gourney stands
Radiant with youth and loveliness,
The idol of those stalwart bands,

Who hail with looks and voices wild,
 The entrance of De Gourney's child,
 And shout as they behold once more
 That smile which often beamed before
 Upon the gay and festive board,
 Telling of health and hope restored.

VIII.

The Lord of Knowle remembers his vow ;
 And if he had not,
 The friars, I wot,
 Would, doubtless, have put him in mind of it now.
 A couple of candlesticks, carved with quaint
 Figures of many an holy saint,
 Are duly placed before the shrine
 Of the Mother of the Man Divine ;
 And through Pile Hill to Temple Dell,
 Flows a stream from the fountain of Raven's Well.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

IX.

The curious, who may wish to know
 If truth directs my quill,
 To Pile Hill when they please may go,
 And any rail-road man will show,
 For half a pint of beer or so,
 A passage through the hill.

Five centuries have passed away,
But still remains the channelled way

Through which the waters ran :

The Exeter and Bristol line

Thus verifies the truth of mine,

Deny the fact who can.

Moreover, when among the dust

And rubbish, one bold workman thrust

His body, he a tablet found

On which was graven :—

“ Alle thys grounde

Was grauntede thatte a streame mote flowe

Unto ye Frierie belowe ;

Prate alle gode ftns forre ye Sowle

Of Johan De Gourney, Lorde of Knowle.”

The Patent Shot Maker.

A LEGEND OF WATTS'S FOLLY, CLIFTON.

I.

'Twas morning;—day began to peep,
 And through the shutters' chinks to creep,
 When Mrs. Watts awoke from sleep,
 And woke her spouse "alsöe!"
 Old Redcliff's chimes were going five;—
 "Put on your breeches, man alive,"
 Quoth Mrs. Watts, "and throw
 Your oldest coat upon your back;"
 Here Mrs. Watts bestowed a smack,
 To urge her lord to go—
 But where? he rubbed his eyes, and swore
 He'd see his breeches burnt, before
 He'd rise, and for another snore
 Himself did straight prepare!
 But Watts's half—a "careful soul,"
 Like Mister Gilpin's—spurn'd control;
 So without more ado
 She threw the quilt and sheet aside,
 And something said of "tan" and "hide;"
 Then promised she would shew

How shot could best be made :—that night
She vow'd, she had beheld the right
And proper way to make them quite
Round, without dent or seam ;
Said she, " They must fall from a height,
I saw it in my Dream."

II.

" I've had a vision in my sleep."
Now Mr. Watts, from slumber deep
Aroused, asked what she meant ?
Upon her elbow she arose ;
Then, huddling on her morning clothes,
Her stays omitting, and her hose,
Forth from the room she went.
Her husband followed, with a vague
Idea of a female plague,
And tried in vain to laugh—
As, ghost-like, she, with figure spare,
Before him mounted every stair,
E'en to the garret door, and there
Stopp'd Watts's better half !

III.

" Go, fetch a ladle and some lead,"
Unto her yawning spouse she said ;
" Our staircase forms a ' well ;'

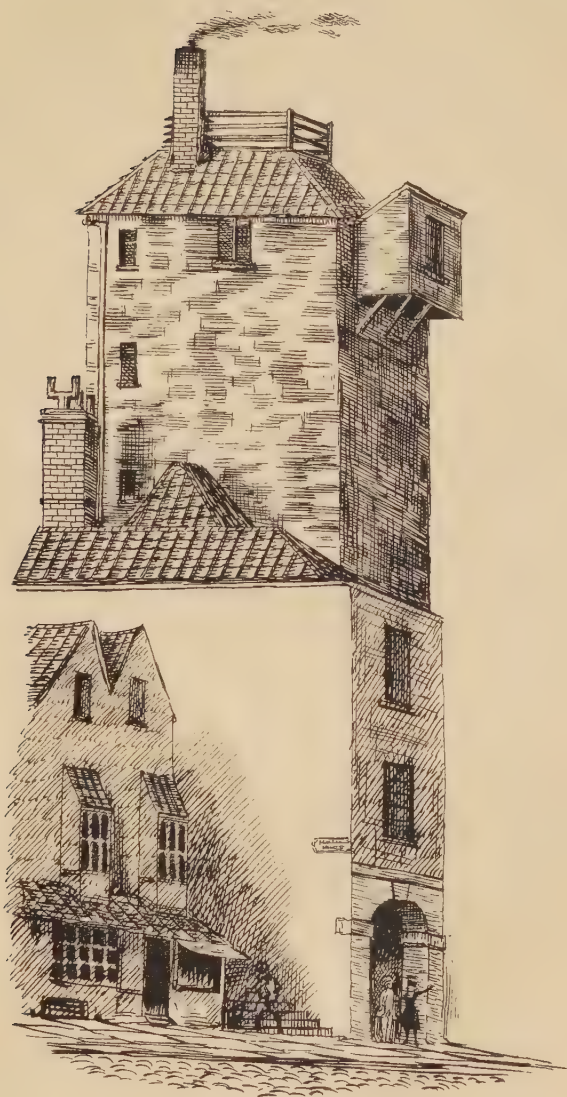
And close beside the bottom stair
A bowl of water place, for there
 I mean to work the spell!"
Down from the staircase head she throws
Small drops of lead—on Watts's nose
 Fell one, 'twas scalding hot,
The rest into the water cold,
In drops of perfect roundness roll'd,
And Watts, with wonder, did behold
 The birth of **Patent Shot**.

IV.

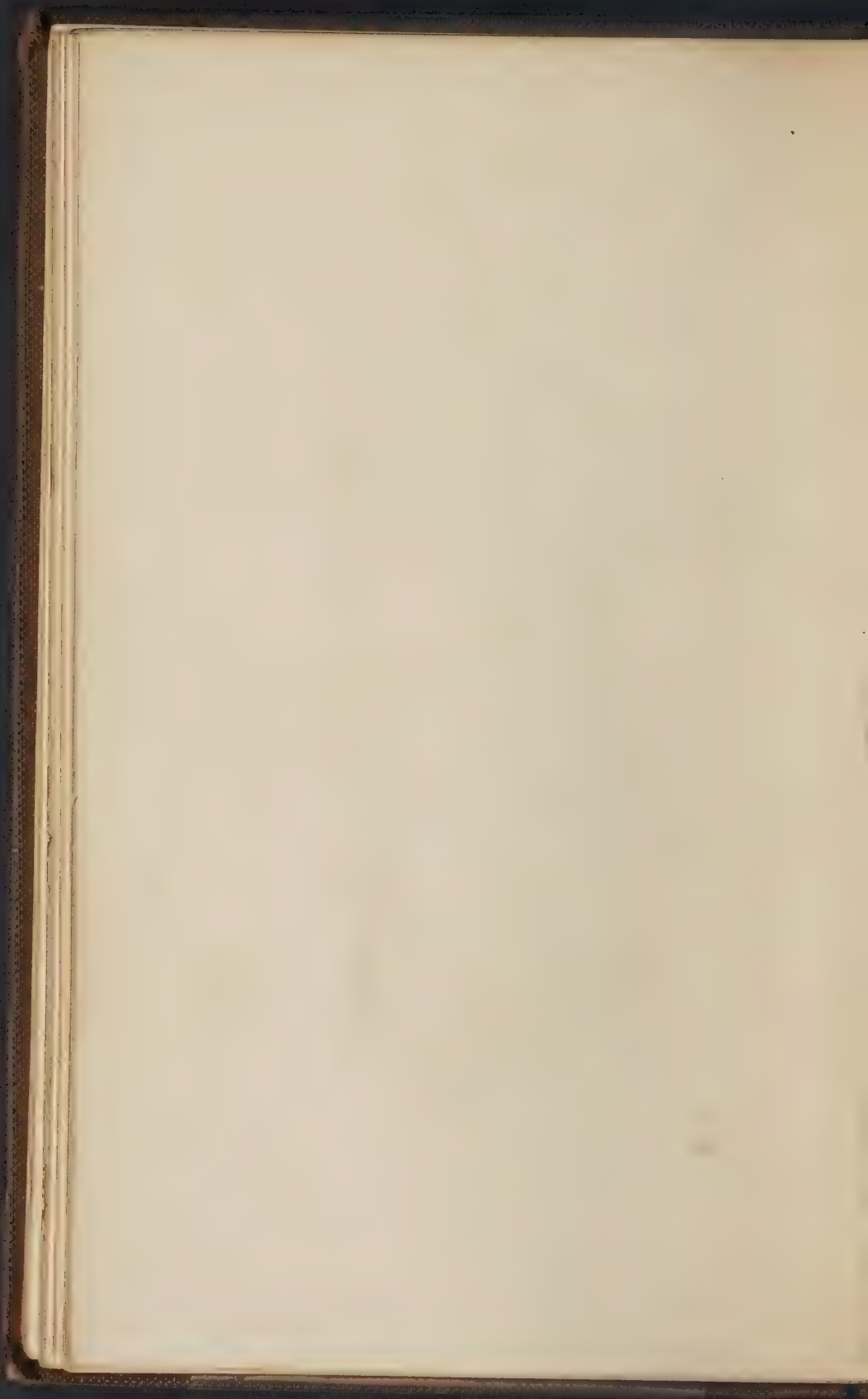
'Twas true enough—each *common* shot
Which Watts had made before, had got
A little pit, or dent, or spot,
 Upon its tiny round;
But now the case was altered quite,
For not, e'en by the keenest sight,
In shot which from the staircase height
 Had fall'n, could dent be found.

V.

A tower was built for making shot,
It stood on Redcliff Hill;
And, as I'm certain it was not
Remov'd, it stands there still—



THE SHOT HOUSE.



An old square tower—far, far below
Its base was dug a well,
Which all may see, who wish to know
If truth the muse doth tell.
Still from the summit of that tower,
The molten lead falls, like a shower
Of shining silver rain,
Into the water far below,
Which cools it suddenly, and lo !
Small shot it doth remain.

VI.

Mr. Watts very soon a patent got,
So that only himself could make Patent Shot;
And King George and his son declar'd that they'd not
Shoot with any thing else—and they ordered a lot.
The Regent swore that the smallest spot
In a small bird's eye he'd surely dot;
And every sportsman, both sober and sot,
From the peer in his hall, to the hind in his cot,
Vowed that they cared not a single jot,
When the game was strong and the chase was hot,
For any thing else than the Patent Shot.

VII.

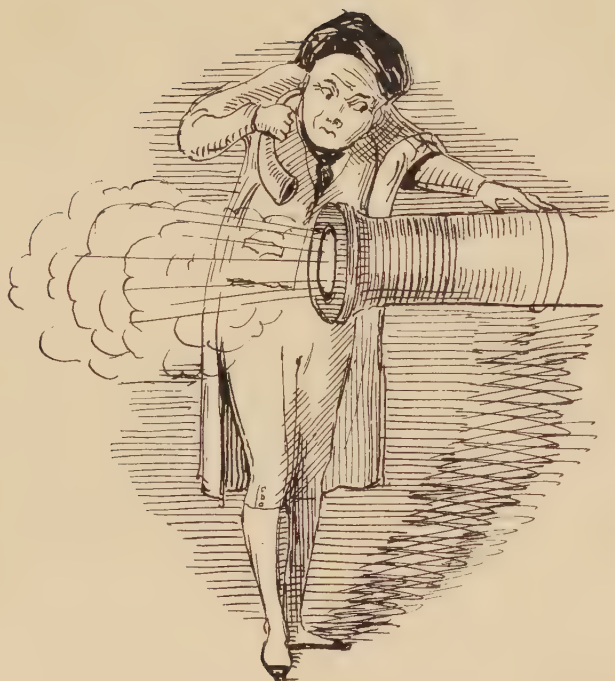
Mr. Watts's face grew red apace,
That erst was white as milk;

His ruffles were of Mechlin lace,
 His waistcoat of *shot-silk*.
 Full soon, by making good round shot,
 A pretty roundish sum he got ;
 At last he left off trade :
 His secret, with the right to make
 The Patent Shot, and no mistake,
 To others was conveyed.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

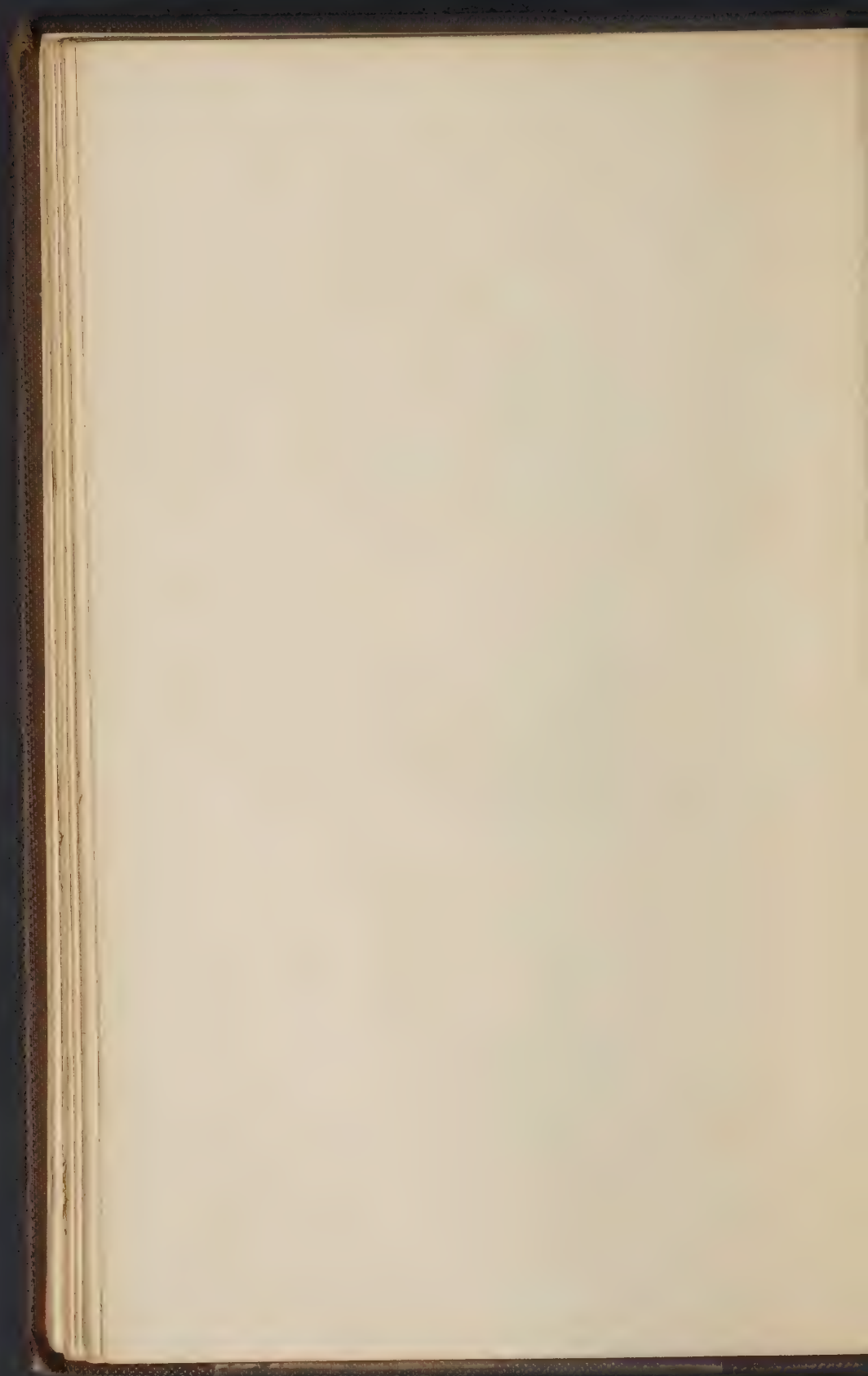
VIII.

He, who from Rownham Ferry boat
 Just upwards casts his eye,
 A *Terrace*, WINDSOR called, will note,
 Between him and the sky.
 Bright with the sunshine, can it raise
 One thought of melancholy ?
 Alas ! another name betrays
 Its history—"WATTS'S FOLLY !"
 For Mr. Watts retired from trade,
 To build it, resolution made ;
 And found, to his chagrin,
 That cash a great deal faster went
 When 'twas on "brick and mortar" spent,
 Than ever it came in.



DEAF TO THE CONSEQUENCES.

"have you heard the report?"



On mere *foundations* went his all,
And **Watts's Folly** still we call
That luckless spot of ground.
So ends this legend of the Dream,
In which, as Folly ends my theme,
Sure Folly *may* be found.

St. Vick.

IN the rock of St. Vincent, near Bristol, is a cave, which has been an object of great curiosity from time immemorial. The only mode of gaining access to its mouth has, until lately, been by a dangerous and very difficult pathway round the ledge of the cliff, or by being lowered from the summit by a rope, to the entrance. A new egress has lately been made by a passage from above, and cut, for many yards, through the solid rock, terminating at the back of the cave. Mr. West, the spirited gentleman who originated and executed this laborious work, on examining the interior, discovered, buried under a thin layer of rubbish, &c. a quantity of pottery, evidently of very ancient manufacture; and on one side of the cave were the remains of a font. The tradition is, that the cave was once a hermit's cell; and that on the rock above was a chapel, dedicated to St. Vincent, from whom the rocks take their name. The remains of this chapel have been converted, by Mr. West, into an observatory, and visitors may pass from thence, through the subterranean passage, to the cave.

OF all the hermits that ever were known
 To live in holes, or lie upon stone,
 Scorning the comforts of feather and tick,
 (Including Saints Bernard and Benedict,)
 None were so great as the great St. Vick !
 By night and by day,
 He'd devoutly pray;
 The morn's dim dawn and the eve's last ray,

Beheld him kneeling, true as the clock,
In his snug little hole, in St. Vincent's rock.

One pleasant morning in spring, St. Vick
Having nothing to do,
And inclined to shew
His respect for St. Vincent, grasp'd his stick ;
Round a slippery ledge,
Which skirted the edge
Of the rock, with footsteps tottering and faint,
He went to visit his brother saint.

He knocked at his gate with a feeble rap,
'Twas open'd, but strait with a terrible clap
It clos'd, and St. Vick was turning round,
When he heard from above a chuckling sound ;
And a rosy old chap,
Just awoke from his nap
By the noise, halloo'd out—" Here's a capital trick,
To turn from the gate my old friend, St. Vick !
My jolly old porter below, I suppose,
Mistook for a beggar's your water-cress nose."

'Tis six by the sun !
The breakfast's begun,
And old St. Vincent is full of his fun ;
He slaps his lean friend on the small of his back,
And drinks to the church in a bumper of sack !

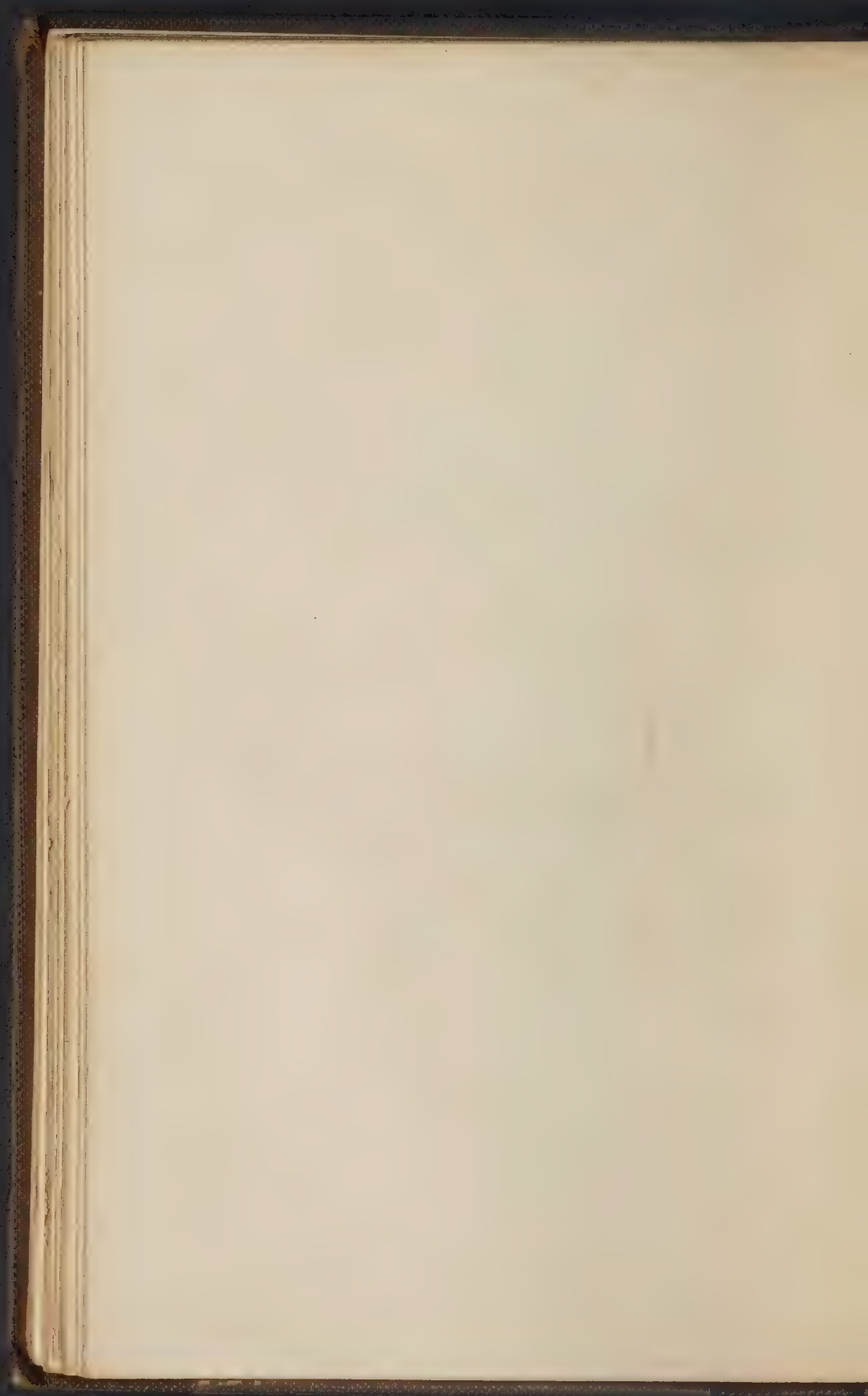
I ween 'twas a goodly sight to see,
 That pair in Saint Vincent's priorie !
 Flagons of ale, and capons fat,
 Crowded the board where the churchmen sat !
 They ate and they quaff'd,
 They sung and they laugh'd,
 Until Vick, who'd got more than his head was able
 To bear, roll'd under the great oak table.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

Repentant and sick,
 Sat poor St. Vick,
 On a sharp bit of rock, his conscience to prick !
 How he got back to his lonely cell,
 It puzzled the anchorite's wits to tell !
 He pray'd to the Virgin, and counted o'er
 His beads a thousand times or more ;
 And he vow'd that never again his lip,
 Other than water pure should sip !
 For the future, he
 Liv'd holily
 In his hole ; and often at deep midnight
 Was seen the anchorite's lamp alight,
 Gleaming within the cave's recess,
 When he was preparing a work for the press ;



A CAMP AT DRAUGHTS.



Sat he there in the cave alone,
 Hearing nought but the night-owl's moan,
 From the dim woods ; or the seagull's scream,
 As it's wing glanc'd in the white moonbeam.

Long years pass'd by—
 The hermit's eye
 Had clos'd for ever in death, and his frame
 Had return'd to the dust from whence it came ;
 When with powder and spade,
 A passage was made
 Through the rock, by which the curious survey'd
 The hermit's cell,
 Where, strange to tell,
 As if preserved by a miracle,
 Were found some parchments, mouldy and damp,
 Beside the remains of an inkstand and lamp ;
 On one was written, in letters thick,
"This is the Will of me, Saint Vick."
 The other papers we shall transfer
 To a noted London publisher ;
 Only noting this one, among the rest,
 Pick'd up in the cavern by Mr. West.

The Will.

"I give and bequeath,
 After my death,

To earth my bones, and to heaven my soul ;
And happy may be the old man's dole !
I give, of this hole, which I've long possest,
The sole right of entrance to William West !
And for being protected, when drunk on the ridge
Of the rock, I desire that a mighty bridge
May be built, to perpetuate my fame,
By one who hereafter shall bear my name ;
That after ages may wond'ringly tell—"

(The manuscript here is illegible.)

This was strange enough—but 'tis stranger still,
That one Mr. Vick *should* leave by his will,
In after years, a sum for a bridge
To span the rocks, from ridge to ridge ;
And that Mr. West, (*vide will*), should be willing,
To show the anchorite's cave for a *shilling* !

The Jew of Bristol.

A LEGEND OF THE DAYS OF KING JOHN, A. D. 1210.

I.

IN a dark old dwelling, which threw its shade

On the waters of the Frome,

Ben Abraham sate, with a brow sedate,

And a heart oppressed with gloom :

Before him, heap o'er heap, his gold

Was piled on the oaken board,

And over and over again he told

The sum of the glistening hoard.

Again he emptied—again he filled—

Again each bag he tied ;

And the wary old Jew, as the strings he drew,

Muttered a curse, and sighed.

At times, from an iron box he took

Caskets of jewels bright,

On the which he threw a mingled glance

Of misery and delight.

He unfolded parchments which long had been
Released from some spendthrift's care,
And secured to Ben Abraham, acres green,
Castles, and broadlands fair.
But ever, as o'er his golden store
He bent with gloating eye,
He muttered his curses more and more,
And heavier was his sigh.
Yet why was Ben Abraham sick at heart,
When he had such wealth in store?
Mine, had I of his but the hundredth part,
Would be any thing else than sore.
Why did Ben Abraham mutter his curses,
And shiver with mortal fear,
When surrounded with chests full of pledges and purses?
Listen—and you shall hear!

II.

The haughty Norman—English John,
To Ireland, *via* Bristol, had gone,
To see how the boys in ould Ireland went on;
And he vowed as he passed through the city, upon
His word as a King, that each Bristol don
Should help him to pay
Each expense on his way
To the “nate little island jist over th’ say.”

Marks, a thousand, and o'er,
He'd have, this he swore,
By angels, and devils, and many things more.
So the burgesses, frightened, scraped up all their cash,
To assist the bold Monarch to cut a great dash;
Who, when he had got it
In his snug doublet pocket,
Discovered more room, and began to abuse
The burgesses;—but, as they'd no more to lose,
He turned his attention towards the poor Jews.

III.

Ten thousand marks must Ben Abraham pay!
The gold he has gathered from day to day,
Now must be scattered like dross away,
To keep King John and his courtiers gay.
Abraham, Ben Abraham, doth bitterly pray
That curses may crowd the Norman's way,
And he doubts the right of the sovereign sway,
As doth many a one in this latter day.—
“Ten thousand marks! and where are they
To come from?” doth the Hebrew say,
And all the while he sees them lay
In his iron chest;—but his mind is away,
Roaming o'er broadlands and meadows gay:
Yet he cannot evade,
The sum *must* be paid,

For the King, with that look which made courtiers afraid,
Said, "I know he *can* pay,
And I'll have it, I say;
If he can, and he won't, he of course must be made."

IV.

Day after day
Passes away;
Ben Abraham declares that he never will pay:
They try him with thumb-screws, with rack, and with
torture;
Still he swears that he's poor, and to gold he's a martyr.
At last they leave off,
But they jeer and they scoff,
And they tell him, each day he holds out, that in sooth,
He'll lose, what he can't well afford—a cheek-tooth.

V.

Ben Abraham had a daughter, young
And beautiful, of course;
Her arms are round her father flung,
She cries till she is hoarse;
Zipparah cannot turn aside
Her sire from his old plan—
Whate'er he's got to snugly hide,
And catch whate'er he can.

But wherefore jest with daughter's love?—

The maiden is kneeling in doubt and fear,
A stern old face her own above,

And grey locks blent with her raven hair!

A skilful limner might, I ween,

Had he that sire and daughter seen,

A picture fair have wrought;

Such scene my feeble powers essay

Vainly, to image or pourtray;—

In truth, I never thought

When I began this tale of old,

To write of woman's love;

But, as with all of mortal mould,

With me 'tis hand and glove:

All I can say is—that I'd rather

She'd some one lov'd beside her father,

Just to enable me to throw

Some sentiment in about a beau.

No matter—the girl sigh'd and wept,

And though hot tears her cheeks o'erswept,

Ben Abraham did not care a jot,

So long as he his gold had got.

* * * * *

VI.

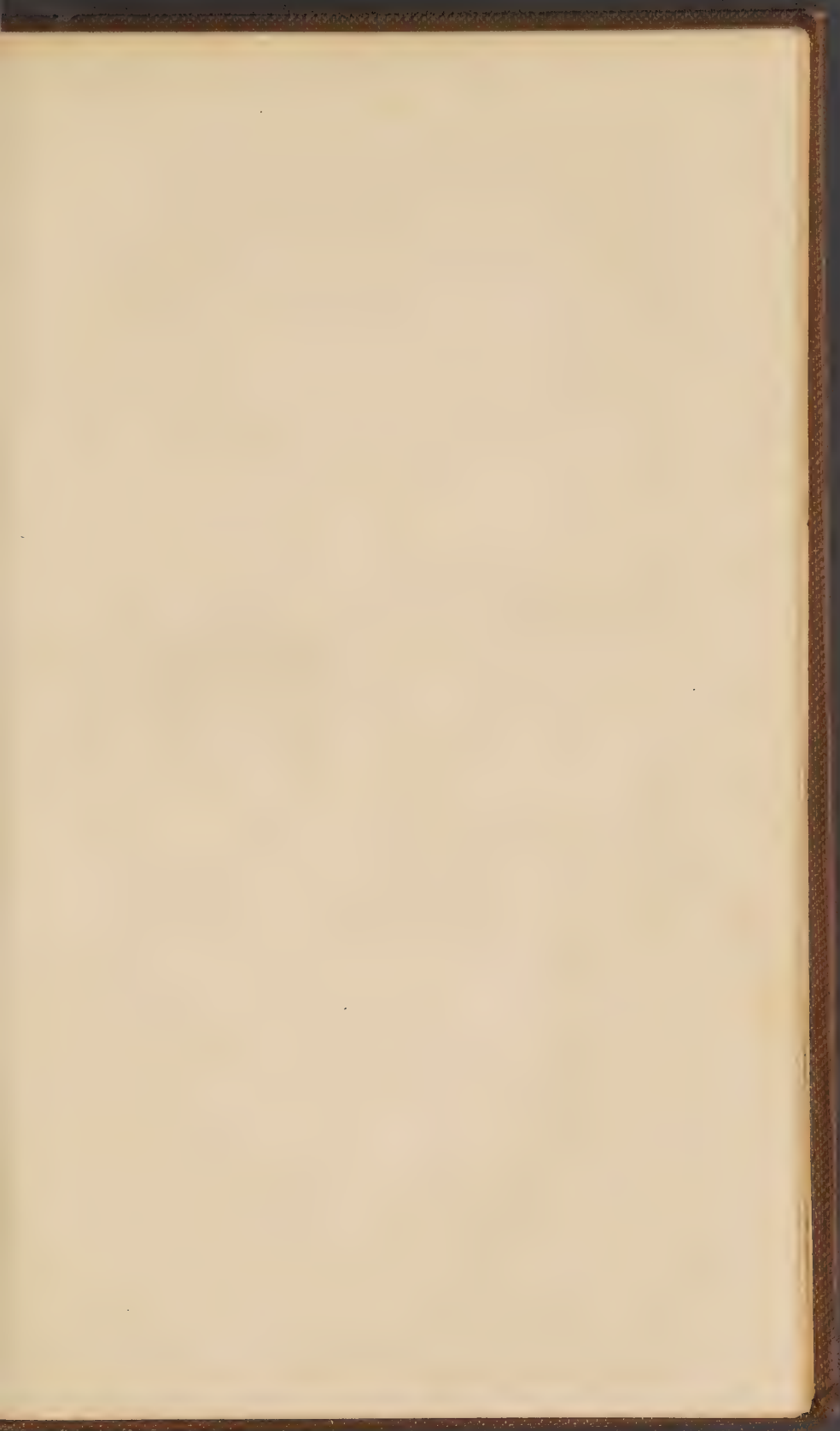
One day is past, and as mild and as meek

As a lamb, the Jew sits, whilst the leech snug and sleek,

Tugs one of his very best teeth from his cheek ;
And he thinks, if he pulls at that rate for a week,
'Twill be no easy matter to munch a rump steak,
Or to bite off a bit of boiled carrot or leek ;
Then his voice would be muffled whene'er he should speak,
And his chin would salute the red tip of his beak.
The *second* day's come, and a terrible squeak
From the Jew tells the dentist has given a tweak ;
The teeth which remain in their sockets grow weak.
A *third* day—the old house resounds with a shriek
From Ben Abraham, who fancies he's got to the peak
Of discomfort. A *fourth*, and in vain does he seek
For release : his poor gums with the red blood is reeking,
Despite of his tears, and his groans, and his shrieking ;
If he could, he'd have started for Nankin or Pekin,
Out of the way of the curst Norman free-king.
The *sixth* day is come, and Ben Abraham reflects !
But *two* grinders are left, their companions to follow,
And one of the two is exceedingly hollow ;
 (The sound one, no doubt,
 Was the first to go out).
One day longer he suffers—no longer neglects :
Thinking it better some wealth to bequeath
To King John, than keep all, just in spite of his teeth.

VII.

The chest is unlocked—the yellow gold
On the black old board is sadly dol'd,





A PLEDGE IN BLACK & WHITE.

Ten thousand marks are trebly told,
Every coin from legitimate mould,
They are paid to the Monarch's treasurer bold,
Who says, "Abraham, I fear that you've taken a cold,
For a shawl your lanthorn jaws enfold :

See, I've brought a deposit,

To place in your closet

As security!" Here the Jew's eye roll'd
With hope.—"*The pledge!*—where is it?" he cried,
And a parchment truly Ben Abraham spied
In the treasurer's hand ; who laughs as he forks
Out the King's receipt for ten thousand marks !

The Ducking Stool.

A LEGEND OF THE WEIR.

“A. D. 1718.—Edmund Mountjoy, Mayor. In this mayoralty the *Ducking Stool*, on the Weir, was used as a cure for scolding, in one particularly inveterate instance.”—*Evans's Chron. Hist.* p. 259.

I.

'Twas a custom, we're told, in the days of old,
 When a lady's tongue ran faster
 Than it ought to do, and she turn'd out a shrew,
 To the grief of her lord and master,
 That his Worship the Mayor, in his great arm chair,
 Acted the part of a mentor,
 And back to her house, with her vilified spouse,
 And many a caution, he sent her;
 If, after these warnings, she left off her stormings,
 The matter was over and ended;
 But if, spite of all this, she acted amiss,
 The termagant's temper was mended
 By a summary process, which, gentles! was no less
 Than seizing the hardened offender,

Then, collecting a crowd, to jeer her aloud,
And getting a bellman to tend her ;
In a chair she was placed, secured by the waist,
And slung at the end of a beam,
Which turned on a swivel, just over the level
Of some no very crystal stream.
Now up and now down, whilst the raffs of the town
Laughed, the scold went against her will,
Muttering and sputtering, and shrieking and reeking,
From her odoriferous swill.
And, whilst hot the dame waxes, round on its axis
Turns the beam, by the aid of a string,
Grasped by the town boys, who loudly rejoice
To witness a goose on the wing.
Till her temper's defeated, the dose is repeated,
And when she shows signs of repentance,
From the scold's easy chair is taken the fair,
Who has suffered according to sentence.
Sometimes this baptism produced rheumatism,
Or brought on an attack of lumbago,
Though it failed to produce an effect on the loose
Tongue of the stubborn virago ;
In the tale I've to tell, it answered right well,
(I record for posterity's sake,)
So list, I implore ye, unto the true story
Of the ducking of Barbara Blake.

II.

Oh! what is the matter with young Mr. Blake?
 As he walks through the streets,
 Every friend that he meets
 He accosts with a sigh, and a sorrowful shake
 Of the hand, and his heart throbs as if it would break.
 "Once on a time," as the story books say,
 Young Mr. Blake was as blithe and as gay
 And as full of his lark,
 As any young spark
 You'd meet in your walk through a long summer's day.
 What is the matter? (the truth I must tell,
 Though *the* sex, that's the females, fall on me pell mell.)
 Young Mr. Blake had a house full of strife,
 And the cause of the rows was

THE TONGUE OF HIS WIFE!

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

Barbara Blake was both pretty and young,
 She had only one fault, BUT it lay in her tongue!
 Her eyes they were blue, and her curls were of gold,
 A stranger would never have thought her a scold!
 Her figure was sylph-like, *à la Taglioni*,
 But rather inclining to fleshy than bony;
 Her air was "*la crème*," and her manners "engaging,"
 Excepting at times of irruption and raging,

And then it was strange
To witness the change
Of the household barometer—quickly 'twould range
From warm unto cold, and from fine unto stormy,
Enough, my most weather-wise friend, to alarm ye.

III.

I've heard all these noises—the creak of a wheel,
That made with a saw, and a file of good steel,
The sound which a pencil makes going over a slate,
The squeak of a hinge on an old five-barred gate,
A bell, when your head aches, most violently ringing,
The scream of Miss ****, when her “Ma” says she singing,
A donkey's most musical bray of delight,
Caterwauling of cats on the tiles at midnight,
The screeching of owls, and the yells of despair
Which arose when the custom-house blaz'd in Queen Square
From the wretches who fired it, and met their fate there :

But never, in short,
Were heard sounds of such sort,
As those which young Barbara Blake did produce,
When once, and 'twas often, her tongue was let loose ;
And her wrath she would nurse,
And pour out the curse
Upon him whom she'd taken for “ better or worse ;”
Whilst strangers would think
Mrs. Blake was the pink

Of politeness and kindness and conjugal love,
And as loving and fond as a real turtle dove.

* * * *
* * * *

Young Mr. Blake one evening sat,
His feet on the fender, beating rat-tat;
Each hand in his pocket, up to the wrist;
On his visage a serio-comical twist.

We shall presently find

He had made up his mind

No more to be henpecked—no more to submit
To his wife, and do only what she thought was fit.
The thorn in his side was beginning to rankle—

He repented that he

Had espoused Mrs. B.

For her nice little foot and her neatly turned ancle.
But what *was* done could not be *undone*; in despair,
He determined to try the effect of

“The Chair.”

* * * *

IV.

In “seventeen hundred and eighteen,”
Mountjoy was Bristol’s mayor;
Then, on the Weir, might have been seen
The city ducking chair.

Above the waters of the Frome
The awful apparatus
Frowned, like a monitor of gloom,
Just by the castle-gate house.
A high pole, and a transverse beam,
Which turned ten times a minute,
Upon its pivot o'er the stream,
Turned with its chair; hark! there's a scream!
Poor Barbara Blake is in it!
Her husband, in the crowd below,
Is crying out, "Aye! there you go,
I wish you'd had it months ago;
Now, mistress, I'm your master!
Just give her time, my boys, to 'blow,'
Then turn her round, lads, faster!"
They do—her breath is almost spent,
Her frame with cold is shivering,
And *not* to Blake's astonishment,
With voice all meek and quivering,
She promises, that if unhung,
She'll ever after "hold her tongue,"
From that month when the year is young,
E'en until dim December.
So to "THE HOUSE" was she returned,
It was a *quiet house*, I've learned,
E'er since they chaired the member.
(In a parenthesis I truly
Agree with Paul that 'twas unruly,)

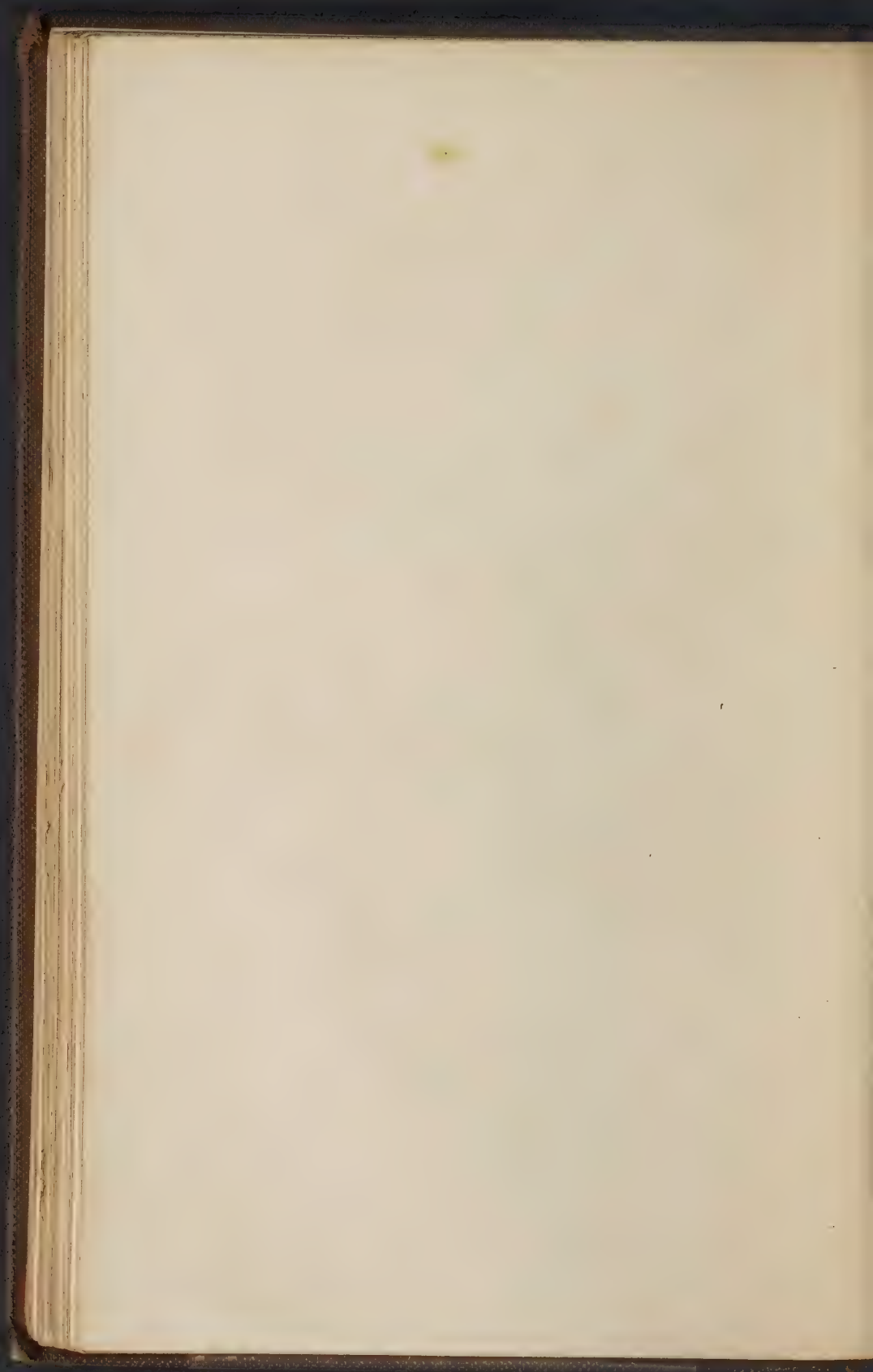
And 'tis declared that Mr. B.
 Ne'er made one slight objection
 To *her return*, or sent a pe-
 Tition showing forth that he
 Disputed the election ;
 That ever after Mistress Blake
 Sailed only in her husband's wake,
 Remembering her late wet condition,
 No more she led the "opposition ;"
 Her voice was always on his side,
 And if the Devil cried, "Divide !"
 Love interfered with a suggestion,
 And Prudence called out, Question ! question !
 When *Mister* Speaker rose at last,
 The Bill (and Côtés) of Rights was passed,
 Although before, the House ne'er miss'd
 To squabble on the "Civil List."

v.

In these, my "Local Legends," I
 Take liberties sometimes ;
 Kings are not more, as Byron says,
 Imperative than rhymes ;
 But truth, stern truth, now guides, I feel,
 My pen of "Anti-gammon" steel ;
 And by its aid I've struck
 Upon the meaning of that phrase
 We often hear in modern days
 Applied to wives—MY DUCK (?) !



THERE'S A DUCK!



The Dun Cow.

A LEGEND OF REDCLIFF.

I.

GUY, Earl of Warwick, was a knight
 Renowned in song, and eke in fight,
 Who through the country went,
 In search of bold adventurous deed ;
 No better knight e'er mounted steed,
 At tilt or tournament !
 "The days of chivalry are past,"
 No more is heard the herald's blast ;
 No more the pursuivants await
 Their leaders, tricked in barbéd state ;
 No more fair dames, of lineage high,
 Award the palm of victory
 To him, who, in the circled list,
 Hath slain his fierce antagonist !
 No longer haughty damsel needs
 That on the ground her true knight bleeds,

To prove that she, and only she,
Is "beautiful exceedingly."
Visor and corslet, shield and spear,
Are numbered with the things that were.
For, lo! in these degenerate days,
Two sturdy wights may hardly raise
The helmet, or the massy shield,
Once borne o'er many a bloody field;
Vainly they try that sword to wield,
Which, wielded once by single hand,
Seem'd as if 'twere but feather weight,
And touch'd by which, as by a wand,
Opposing warriors bow'd to fate.
No longer fair young ladies dress
In male attire, and clip the tress,
Seem pale young gentlemen, and go
As page unto some knightly beau;
Who, as the tales say, did'nt know
His sweetheart was so near,
Till one day when she slept, and so
He hunted out his dear!
For spouses men no longer fight—
In latter days they more delight
To fight *with* them, I fear.
Our modern fine young men are "spoons,"
Instead of iron pantaloons
They're only kerseymere.

No burnish'd plates adorn the chest,
And save from ugly scars;
They've pea-coats, padded on the breast,
For maces they've—cigars.
They strut in D'Orsay hats and coats,
Stultz-built, to win some charmer;
No steel cravats about their throat,
For fear they should alarm her.
No longer—but my pen of steel
Skims fastly o'er the page,
As if from sympathy it feels
A pleasure, whilst its guide reveals
A valorous deed of brave Sir Guy,
The flower of England's chivalry,
In England's iron age.

II.

The milkmaids are sporting in Redcliff's sweet vale,
Each maid by her side has a large milking-pail,
Adorned with cowslips and primroses pale,
Plucked, on this first day of May, from the dale;
Swains to the maidens are telling a tale;
Cheeks are by turns turning ruddy and pale.
The May Queen, according to custom, is chosen—
She's surrounded by brisk rustic beaux by the dozen.
One praises her eyes,
And expresses surprise,
That though they're such killing ones, nobody dies;

Another, who odd is,
Slips his arm round her boddice,
To the wonder and envy of all the Tom Noddies.
There is dancing and racing, and shouting and singing,
The bells of St. Mary's are merrily ringing;
There are buttocks of beef, and barrels of ale,
And music is sounding all over the vale;
All are as merry as merry can be—
“Who so happy, so happy as we?”
Round the tall may-pole the dancers spin,
Short ones and tall ones, and fat ones and thin;
Some of the lasses stumble and miss
Their footing, and pay the due forfeit—a kiss,
To her sensible swain,
Who upsets her again,
Of course, to the damsel's surprise and disdain.
Be that as it may,
There are sinners who say,
That when sometimes they fell, there was nought in the way
To account for the slip—not a stone or a chip
Was seen on the ground, that might cause her to trip.
All *I* know is this, that each gay little Miss,
As sure as she *did* fall, paid duly a kiss.
But, hearken! the May Queen strikes out with a song,
On the sweet scented air floats the music along;
No lily-white hand o'er a harp she flings,
But her heart's in the measure, oh! list while she sings.

The May Queen's Song.

Listen, maidens and youths, I pray,

To my song, this sweet May morning,

Cupid wandered one sun-bright day,

Flowers his path adorning.

"'Twill always be bright," so Love did sing,

As from flower to flower, on his radiant wing,

He sported amid the sunbeams gay,

And thought with HIM, 'twould be always May.

With the songs he sang, his pathway rang,

The whole of that sweet May morning ;

But a dark rain cloud arose, and loud

Peal'd thunder ; yet Cupid scorning

The omen, sang on ; but the urchin's wings

Soon were folded and dripping. "Alas !" he sings,

"I find it is true, what the wise ones say,

That even with Love 'tis not always May."

Now listen, maidens and youths, I pray,

All on this sweet May morning ;

Laugh while you can, dance while you may,

But heed my song for its warning.

Whatever pleasure and youth may say,

Don't think that life will be always May ;

Nor like young Love, in his thoughtless play,

Forget to provide for a rainy day.

III.

The first of May has passed away,
No more the milkmaids are brisk and gay;
Each one sits, with a sorrowful look
And an empty pail, by the babbling brook.
Why are the maidens so woe-begone now?
Ah! why are they sad?
The great cow is gone mad;
Alas! they will never more milk the
Dun Cow.

IV.

I've been unto shows of fat cattle, and there
Have seen cows big enough to make any one stare—
With fat on their haunches, their hips, and their thighs,
With fat on their faces quite hiding their eyes.
I've heard of Lord Leicester's (the late Mr. Coke,
Of Holkham) fine breed, but a bottle of smoke
To a magnum of claret, were *his* things, I trow,
If all stories are true which concern the Dun Cow.
'Tis said—the tradition will certainly try a
Man's faith—that this cow was a sort of Goliath
In stature and bulk; that she fully supplied
Redcliff parish with milk; and that no cow beside,
Which grazed on Pile Hill, or in Redcliff's fair valley,
Contributed aught to the milkwoman's tally.

In short, through the country so merry and green,
Such a cow as the Dun Cow had never been seen;
Full three dozen milkmaids, 'tis said, every day,
Were employed by the "Dun" in a real milky way.
But, alas! for all greatness, the cow once so gentle,
All at once is grown savage and unsentimental:

She struts and she butts,

In spite of the cuts

From the cowboys, who, through the long lanes and deep ruts,
Follow, trying to catch her—in vain, all in vain.
With one bound over the hedge she escapes from the lane,
Darts o'er Redcliff Hill, and gets into the streets,
Upsetting and breaking each thing that she meets;
Women are flying, children are crying,
One man is killed, and another is dying.

None knew what to do,

Or where to go to;

When, all of a sudden, was heard a loud cry,
And into the town rode the noble Sir Guy.

v.

If the reader has seen a bull fight, I ween

He without any doubt will allow,

That the valiant Sir Guy had a chance for the die,

When he entered the lists with the cow;

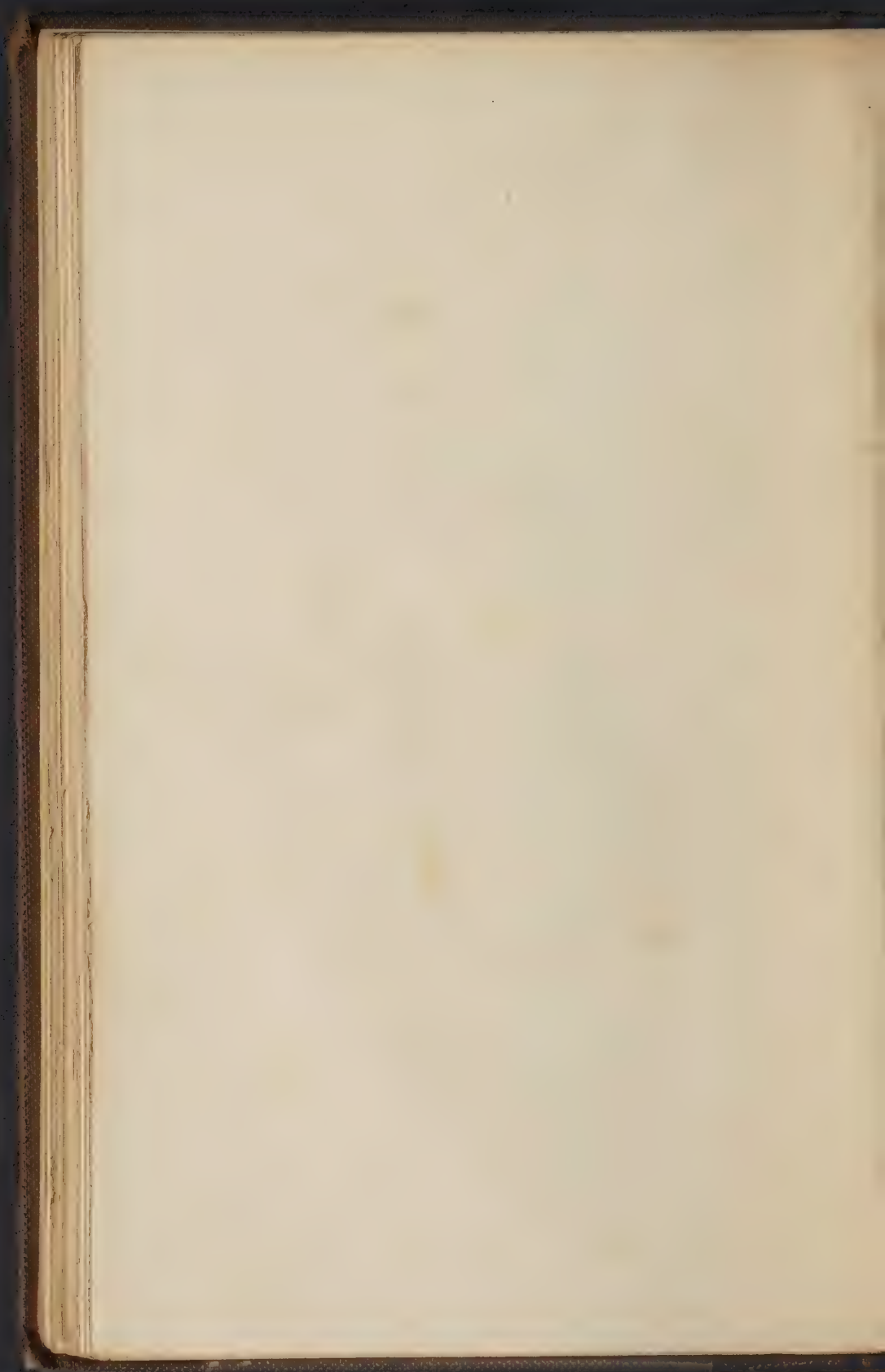
But the Earl was'nt cowed—he shouted aloud,

"D'ye think I'm afeard?" And with air very proud,

He planted his spear in its rest;
Then spurred on his horse, soon the cow was a corse,
For the steel entered deep in her breast.
She lay on her side, whilst out rushed the red tide,
From the gaping and terrible wound,
A story I've heard, but 'tis rather absurd,
That in it a milkmaid was drown'd.
Then the folks of all ranks to Sir Guy gave their thanks,
And also a fine silver flagon,
Filled with very good stuff, and when he'd enough,
They'd the show of St. George and the Dragon.
One rib of the cow may be seen, even now,
And a picture, recording the fact,
They who wish for the show, may to Redcliff church go,
When they'll find that I'm very exact.
'Tis true, that some folks, who are partial to jokes,
The yarn of the "Rib" would unravel,
By saying, 'tis thought that it must have been brought
Home by Gulliver, famous for travel.
This may or may not the truth be, I wot,
But the question I've no time to pause on—
Believe, if you will,—if incredulous still,
I refer you to Baron Munchausen.



A LARGE PIR.



Cooke's Folly.

PART THE FIRST.

THE PROPHECY.

I.

'Tis night, still night, the stars shine bright,
 The moon, in a cloudless sky,
 Is sailing away, and her silver ray
 On the tranquil earth doth lie.
 The winds have died, and only the tide
 Of the Avon murmurs now,
 With low, sweet sound, to the woods around,
 Or some rock, that with beetling brow,
 Its shadow throws on the stream which flows
 Beneath; as gloom doth rest
 And obscure the love of the world above
 From many a human breast.
 On the closed-up flowers the soft dew showers
 Have fallen, and with glistening gems
 They flash, and seem, in the chastened beam
 Like natural diadems.

Scarcely the breeze, through the tall elm trees
 Wandering, the light leaves shake,
All, all is still, save stream and rill,
 And they a sweet music make.

II.

A lady bright, in the pale moonlight,
 Wanders alone ; her eye
Is fixed in delight upon the bright
 Face of the starry sky.
Her brow is fair, her shining hair
 Falleth, like waves of gold,
O'er her shoulders bare, like the waters rare,
 O'er Pactolián sands of old.
On the heavens above, with a wondering love,
 Oft doth the lady gaze ;
To their mysteries her fearful eyes
 She aye and anon doth raise.
Listen ! she speaks, and the silence breaks—
 “ Father of light and love !
May the course of my child resemble the mild
 Light of those stars above ;
They glitter bright in the darkest night,
 Far from the fever and fret
Of this world of woe and care below,
 Where the seeds of death are set.”

A meteor star, in the heavens afar,
As the lady breathed her prayer,
Athwart the sky shot instantly,
And gone was the traveller rare.
As the bright light quenched, her smooth cheek
blenched,
And heavily beat her heart,
Presaging woes, she homeward goes,
Ah! why does the lady start?
Fearful is she exceedingly,
And just as she gains the door
Of her dwelling, a gipsy, who's rather tipsy,
Asks for a "little drop more."
Said he, "It is mine to decipher each sign
Of the stars in yonder sky;
To me it is given on the page of heaven
To read man's destiny.
Aye! lady proud, I can see the shroud
Through the mist of the first faint breath,
Or tell by what portal the unborn mortal
Shall enter the realm of death!
Each planet which rolls, to the doom of souls
Is allied, and I can see
With prophet eye through the clouds which lie
Twixt this world and futurity!"

III.

"Canst thou," the lady asked, "foretell
(Her proud lip curv'd with scorn!)
The fate of the invisible,
The doom of the unborn?
Thou, swarthy vagrant! canst *thou* trace
A mortal through the tangled maze
Of this rude world, and pierce the gloom
Of suffering years—tell when the tomb
Shall open for its passive prey?
Poor juggling fool! away, away!
Smil'st thou in scorn or hate? Well, stay,
And give to me, before we part,
A sample of thy boasted art—
Ere long, upon my breast,
A babe will lie. Canst thou foresee
And truly tell its destiny?"

IV.

"I can;" and the gipsy cast his eye
On the mystic page of the starry sky.
"Lady! throw back thy golden hair,
Lay thy white brow, in the moonlight, bare.
"Look on yon planet, of ruddy light,
Like a gem on the coronet of night;
That bright and glorious orb will be
Linked with thy infant's destiny.

“ Look in the east, a cloud doth rise ;
Gaze, frail mortal, with tearful eyes ;
Slowly, yet surely, it travels on ;
See—the star is eclipsed, and its glory’s gone !

“ So will it be with thy child, alas !
His early days will in brightness pass ;
But a cloud shall darken his ripening years,
And the star of hope shall be quenched in tears.

“ Twenty times shall returning spring
O’er Leigh’s fair woods its verdure fling ;
Twenty times shall autumn’s blast
Scatter the leaves as it whistles past ;

“ Twenty *bright* years—but ere the sun
Again his circling course shall run,
A secret and a silent foe
Shall strike thy son a deadly blow.

v.

“ Lady, farewell, we meet again !
 (The gipsy said) ere long
A mortal on this path of pain
 Shall join the mighty throng
Of travellers to that world which lies
 Beyond earth’s narrow bound :

Believe the records of the skies,
 Nor trifle with their mysteries,
 Truth on yon page is found ;
 I read thereon your child shall have
 A short, sweet life—an early grave.”

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

VI.

When the next morning's dawn appeared,
 An infant's faint, weak wail was heard ;
 With looks of thankfulness and joy
 Gazed the young mother on her boy ;
 Fondly she clasped him to her breast,
 Till slumber upon each did rest.
 And, lest my strain should tiresome grow,
 And readers, too, to sleep should go,
 The sequel of the legend I,
 At *future* opportunity,
 Will, gentles, bring before ye.
 So ends the first part of my tale—
 The *Mirror's** page will soon reveal
 The sequel of this story.

* The Bristol Mirror Newspaper.

Cooke's Folly.

PART THE SECOND.

THE FULFILMENT.

I.

SIR Maurice Cooke
 Very often would look
 O'er the leaves of an old astrological book;
 He built him a study, and furnished it round
 With magical works,
 Globes, telescopes, dirks,
 That reached from the ceiling right down to the ground.
 By the aid of Cornelius Agrippa's black book,
 The horoscope of his son he took;
 And with sorrow and anguish he saw 'mong the stars
 That ruled o'er the house of his son—the red Mars.
 His compass and scale he took, like a sage,
 And, with anxious thought,
 A problem he wrought,
 According to rules laid down on the page,

'Mongst figures in plenty,
 When a *one* and a *twenty*
 He saw : in fear and dismay said he,
 In a mournful sort of soliloquy,
 "The twenty-first year of my son will be
 As the gipsy told us, I foresee,
 Fraught with danger ;—a mystic sign
 Is plain in the field of that star malign.
 But the moment when twenty years have roll'd
 O'er the head of my heir, I'll try whether gold
 And caution cannot fool the sky,
 And avert the doom of the prophecy."

* * * *
 * * * *

II.

Time passed on lightwing, nineteen years and young Master
 Cooke had not met with a single disaster :
 In truth, he had grown up a rather wild blade,
 He hunted, he shot, and he raced, and he played ;
 He smoked a long pipe, of superlative clay,
 Cigars were not known in my young hero's day ;
 And whilst his poor star-gazing father was cowed
 At the signs in the heavens, he was blowing a cloud,
 With some other young gentlemen, full of their fun,
 Jolly companions every one :
 Like many young men of the present day,
 He swaggered and bragged, and was frightfully gay.

His father had money, and he had no sorrow,
And his good-natured friends said, "Don't care for the
morrow."

A rollicking, dare-devil fellow, he grew ;
And if ever his father said, "William, 'twon't do,"
A very black look on his parent he threw,
From the top of his wig to the tip of his shoe,
Or crowed like a cock, as our senators do.

III.

"My son, my son," said Sir Maurice Cooke,
"Just cast your eyes on this mystic book ;
Try to be steady for once, if you can,
And attend to my words, there's a good young man ;
My son and heir, my only hope,
See, I have drawn your horoscope.
Do you see that star ?" "What, that little round thing,
Which looks like an apple tied on to a string ?

Aye, truly, I see,

What seemeth to me,

A sort of a mystical fiddle-de-dée ;

There are Saturn and Mars,

And a few other stars,

Divided by three black triangular bars :

There's an A, and a place like a tower, and a B,

And the word '*twenty-one*,' written large as can be,

On the very same line with a W. C.,

My initials. Well, bless me, I can't make it out ;
And, I candidly tell you, I very much doubt
If you know, your own self, what you're scribbling about.

Pack of nonsense, to pore
O'er these books by the hour,
And pull about sextants and globes, till you're sour.
Never heed, my dear father, the future. Oh ! why
Will you always be pointing your nose to the sky ?
Now just say bye bye, to the bye and the bye ;
Rule my planet, indeed ! when I fancy that *I*
Puzzle your optics—decipher the sky !
I really believe that your vision's awry !
Cast my horoscope !—pooh ! 'tis a cast in your eye !”

IV.

Sir Maurice is building a tower, and he
Is as busy and brisk as a man can be ;
“ It can't be”—'twas said—“ to imprison his wife,
For the late Mrs. Cooke has departed this life ;
'Tis many a year since he left off his sable ;
It's not like a warehouse—it's not like a stable ;
It hasn't a door, and it hasn't a gable ;
It puts me in mind of the building of Babel,
Or the mystical things which I've read of in fable.”
All the folks wished, devoutly, that some one was able
The tale of the tower to unfold on the table ;

The tabbies of Bristol—Ruth, Dorothy, Mabel,
Spun their long yarns, long as any long cable;
 But, in spite of their trying
 And coaxing and spying,
They were with curiosity very near dying.
 E'en when young William Cooke
 On the workmen did look,
And watched them employed upon mortice and rafter,
He would say to himself, "What's the governor after?"

V.

Within his study, Sir Maurice Cooke
Regards his son with an anxious look;
He has told him of the gipsy's warning,
And intimated that in the morning
 He must make up his mind
 To leave behind,
Or rather, seclude himself from mankind;
And for twelve long months to dwell alone
In that strange-looking edifice of stone.

VI.

 " Oh! father, 'tis hard
 To be debarr'd
From chasing the deer o'er the bright green sward,
To sit, pent up, from morn till night,
Whilst skies are blue and earth is bright;

To hear the nightingale's evening song
In the woods, yet roam no woods among ;
To see the red sun set, and the stars,
Through the dismal chinks of the iron bars ;
Hear the chirp of the grasshopper, clear and shrill,
At morning and eve, on the dewy hill ;
List to the sound of the hunter's horn,
And their echoes, o'er rock and o'er river borne ;
See the blithe lark ascend the sky,
Yet pine in a lone captivity ;
Mark the channelled waters dance,
And barks sweep on o'er their wide expanse ;
Or the sea gull, glancing past my home,
To its nest, on some rock, 'mid the surge and foam.
All sights, all sounds, alas ; to me
Will be vocal, and speak of liberty.
And so because of an idle strain,
Born of a gipsy's distempered brain,
I must be put
In a tower, and shut
Out from the world till a twelve-month's up."

VII.

The very next day,
In the dawning grey,
The father and son took their towerward way ;

With many embraces they parted ; the gate
 Was bolted and barred, as a guard against fate.
 Then home walked Sir Maurice ; but often he went
 To the foot of the tower,
 And many an hour
 With his son, who looked out from a turret, he spent.
 And never a day passed but somebody took
 A basket of food, which, by string and by hook,
 Was drawn up by the youth,
 Who needed, in truth,
 Solid comfort like this in his dwelling uncouth.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

VIII.

Of all the hermits ever known,
 Who have burrowed in holes of earth or stone,
 Young Mr. Cooke
 Had the strangest look,
 For he'd neither a beard, nor a gown, nor a crook,
 He hadn't a cross and a scull in a nook
 At the foot of his bed, nor a homily book,
 And he spent his time,
 Not in sublime
 Studies, or prayers, or in penance for crime—
 But in being in bed until twelve of the clock,
 In his snug little tower on the top of the rock,

And then getting up
To dine or to sup,
Or to drink to himself in a good stiff cup ;
For Sir Maurice had taken especial care
That his son should have plenty of viands rare—
Capons fat, flagons of ale,
Cabbages, cauliflowers, spinach, sea kale,
Tongues and hams,
Jellies and jams,
The last of the hares and the first of the lambs ;
And a great many more things than I can rehearse,
For I can't do a cookery book into verse.
Mrs. Glass, Doctor Kitchener,
Give *me* a broiled chicken, or
A dish of nice tender beefsteaks and schalots,
And a fig for your jelly bags, stew-pans, and pots.

IX.

“ Cheer up, cheer up,” said Sir Maurice, “ my son,
At to-morrow's dawn you'll be twenty-one ;
The year of danger will then be past,
And the door of your prison be open cast.
Look on yon star, in the azure sky ;
'Tis the star that controuls your destiny.
Mark, how bright
It shines to-night ;—
Ha !” and Sir Maurice turned pale with affright ;

For a dark cloud flew
O'er the heavens blue,
And obscured, as he spoke, the bright planet from view.
But it melted away. "Is there aught can be done,
Ere I leave you for this, the last time, my son?"
"Nothing;—and yet, as the night seems cold,
If you'll just let a bundle of sticks be rolled
To the foot of the tower, I'll let down my line,
And draw up a supply for the very last time.
Good night." But Sir Maurice, from hour to hour,
Paced, like a sentinel, round the tower,
Through that dreary and anxious night,
Till the return of the morning light.

X.

Morning is dawning—beautiful morn!
Light in the eastern horizon is born.
The throstle is singing,
The lark is up-springing,
And heavenward her course, amid music, is winging;
Slant sunbeams are tipping the hill-tops with gold,
The mist from the face of the waters hath rolled;
Star after star has grown pale in the sky,
And the red sun arises in glory on high;
There is beauty around, and beneath, and above;
The earth is all clad with a mantle of love!

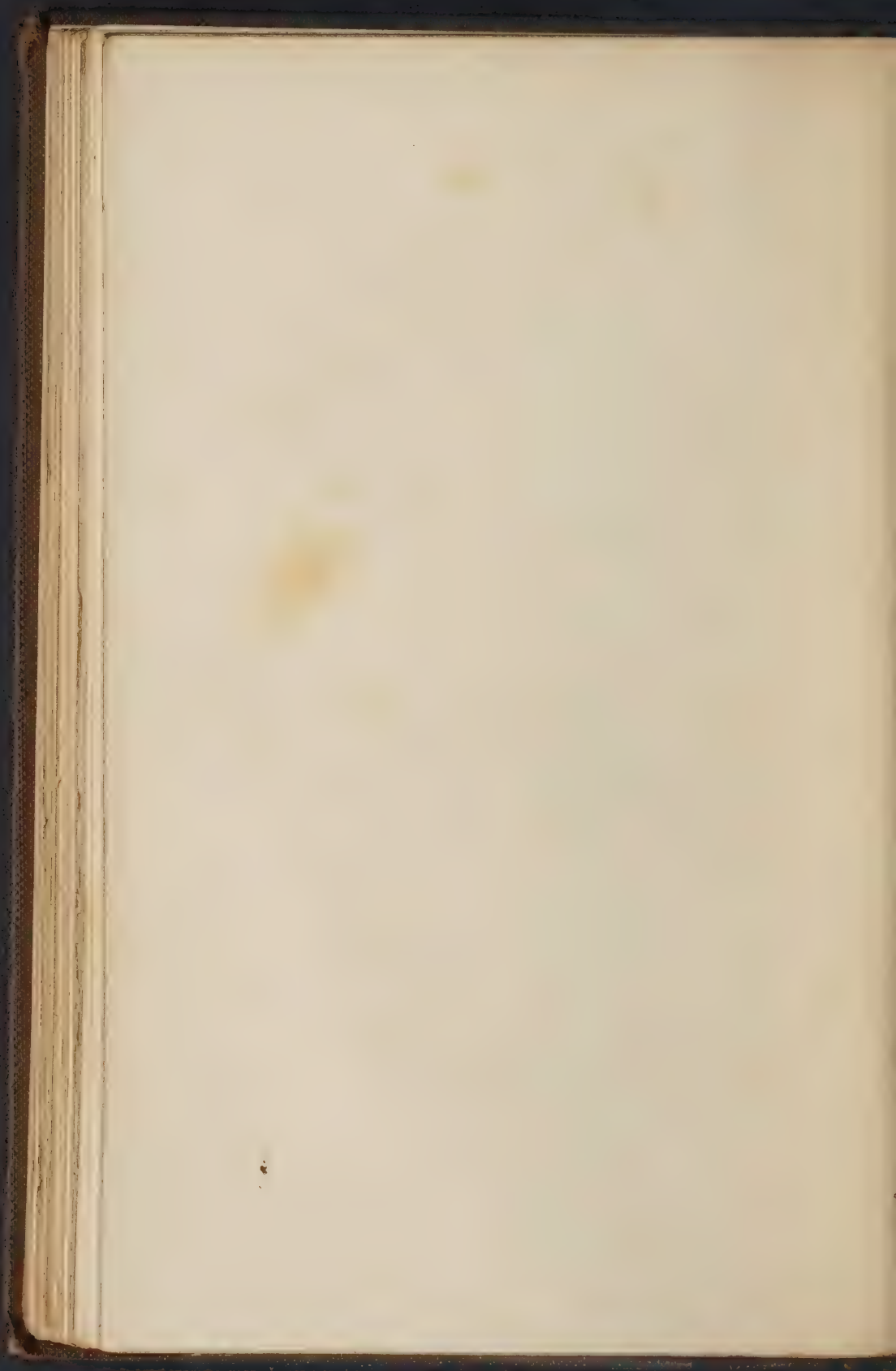
Yet Sir Maurice Cooke's eye
 Is not fixed on the sky,
 But on one little turretted chamber on high;
 He calls for his son, but he hears no reply.
 "Come forth," he cries, "for the sun hath risen;
 Leave for ever thy lonely prison."
 But the window is closed—in vain he calls,
 And the dreary stillness his heart appals!
 Assistance is sought,
 A ladder is brought,
 Which a servant man mounts with the quickness of thought.
 He looks within. "Your son doth sleep."—
 "He is DEAD!" said Sir Maurice, in accents deep.
 The window's dashed in; the young man lies
 In the sleep from which he no more shall rise!
 Dabbled with blood was his beauteous form,
 And a serpent was twined round his nerveless arm.
 Oh! 'twas a "sorry sight" to see
 His father's speechless agony!
 As in sorrow he bowed his aged head,
 And knelt by the side of the early dead.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

In the very last bundle of sticks, 'tis said,
 The snake was coiled; and when snug in his bed



SNAKE & SNACK.



The youth was ensconced, the reptile crawled out
To his work of destruction. Some people may doubt
The story; whatever "the truth may be,
The tale I have told as 'twas told to me."
The tower still remains where this scene melancholy
Was acted, and goes by the name of "COOKE'S FOLLY."

Maud Easterfield's Tomb.

"1491. Maud Easterfield gave a ring to the image of our Lady, in the north porch of St. Mary Redcliff."—*Evans's Chron. Hist.*

I.

MAUD EASTERFIELD is sitting all alone,
 Within an antique chamber, dim and high;
 Old rude devices decked the walls of stone,
 And heads of monsters carved curiously;
 Rich tapestries were there, on which were shown,
 In colours that with painters' tints might vie,
 The deeds of knightly prowess, or a quaint
 Pictorial story of some patron saint.

II.

And there were portraits, too, of ancestors,
 Grim-looking gentry, each with mailed hand
 Upon his sword-hilt, clad, as for the wars,
 In burnished armour, each one of that band
 A gallant wight—to whom a "tenth" hussar,
 Tricked out with finery, with aspect bland,
 And whiskered cheek, and pretty lip unshaven,
 Was as a butterfly unto a raven.

III.

The flooring was of English oak, inlaid
With ebony, all wondrously inwrought
In squares and diamonds, the work, 'twas said,
Of a Venetian artisan, who brought
His art unto our shores. On this the maid
Knelt down, and seemed engaged in earnest thought;
Before her was a crucifix, and on a
Stained window o'er, an Infant and Madonna.

IV.

Anon she raised her head, and when there fell
Upon her face and neck the rainbow light,
It would have puzzled any one to tell
If she were mortal maid or angel bright;
Pure, fragile, delicate, ethereal,
As forms which flit, in dreams, before our sight—
Her arms were crossed just at the wrists, and prest
Were her white hands upon her whiter breast.

V.

I wish that I possessed a painter's skill,
I'd make a pretty picture out of this;
Mere sing-song rhymes and laboured stanzas will
Describe amiss so beautiful a Miss:
Oh! Francis, Parkman, Lawrence, and Rippingille,
Out brush and palette, for a subject 'tis
Fit for your pencils. Earth can never yield
A fairer subject than Maud Easterfield.

VI.

She prayed—but though her sweet lips parted not,
A tremor might have been observed; and when,
At times, a sigh escaped, the life blood hot
Would mantle on her cheek—which pale again
Grew quickly. All these symptoms told, I wot,
Of mortal love, I'd lay a score to ten.
So young, she could have had but little cause
To blush or sigh for breaking *any* laws.

VII.

True, she *did* love, and whom? A cavalier,
Who to the wars, in other lands, had gone—
A braver than De Courcey never spear
Planted in rest, or corslet buckled on:
Generous and valiant, stranger unto fear,
What gallant deeds had that young warrior done!
His sword was ever drawn to guard the right,
His white plume wav'd alway in thickest fight.

VIII.

“Oh! Mary, mother!” prayed young Maud, “I vow
A ring of virgin gold, with jewels rare
Set round, unto thy image bright, if thou
Wilt hold HIM ever in thy saintly care;
Keep him in war, and when his vessel's prow
Breasts the blue seas, let breezes soft and fair
Waft him to home,—and—and”—a tear or two
Told better what she meant than I can do.

IX.

And then the lady rose, and took her way,
Where we can't follow, further than the door;
In slumbers sweet, and rosy dreams, she lay,
Till through the lattice high the sun did pour
A flood of light, which tinged, with ruby ray,
The dew upon each odorous casement flower:
Maud Easterfield was up, with early dawn,
Brushing, with tiny feet, the shining lawn.

X.

Her father's hall is left behind, and now
She climbs the daisied slope of sweet Pyle Hill,
And, panting, stands upon its grassy brow,
Listening to melody beside the rill—
(Not *that* I spoke of in De Gourney's vow;
It flowed long ere they passed a railway bill,
And cut up, with unsparing pick and spade,
The spot where many a Bristol boy has played.)

XI.

The city lies beneath her;—through the haze
She dimly sees "Our Ladye's Chyrche," a pile
Which has been, and will be, for "many days,"
Bristowa's pride and wonder; even while
She looks, its windows with a sudden blaze
Of glory seems lit up; each pillared aisle,
Tower, turret, pinnacle, have caught the gleam,
And looks like some fair fabric of a dream.

XII.

One moment let me pause, like Maud, in love
Of the old edifice, that pleasant morn :
Wherever chance or change may me remove,
For *his* sake—poor inheritor of scorn !*
I'll think on the grey tower, where'er I rove,
For 'neath its very shadow I was born.
But Maud turns pale—what ails her ? for her eye
Is strained and fix'd, as 'twere, on vacancy.

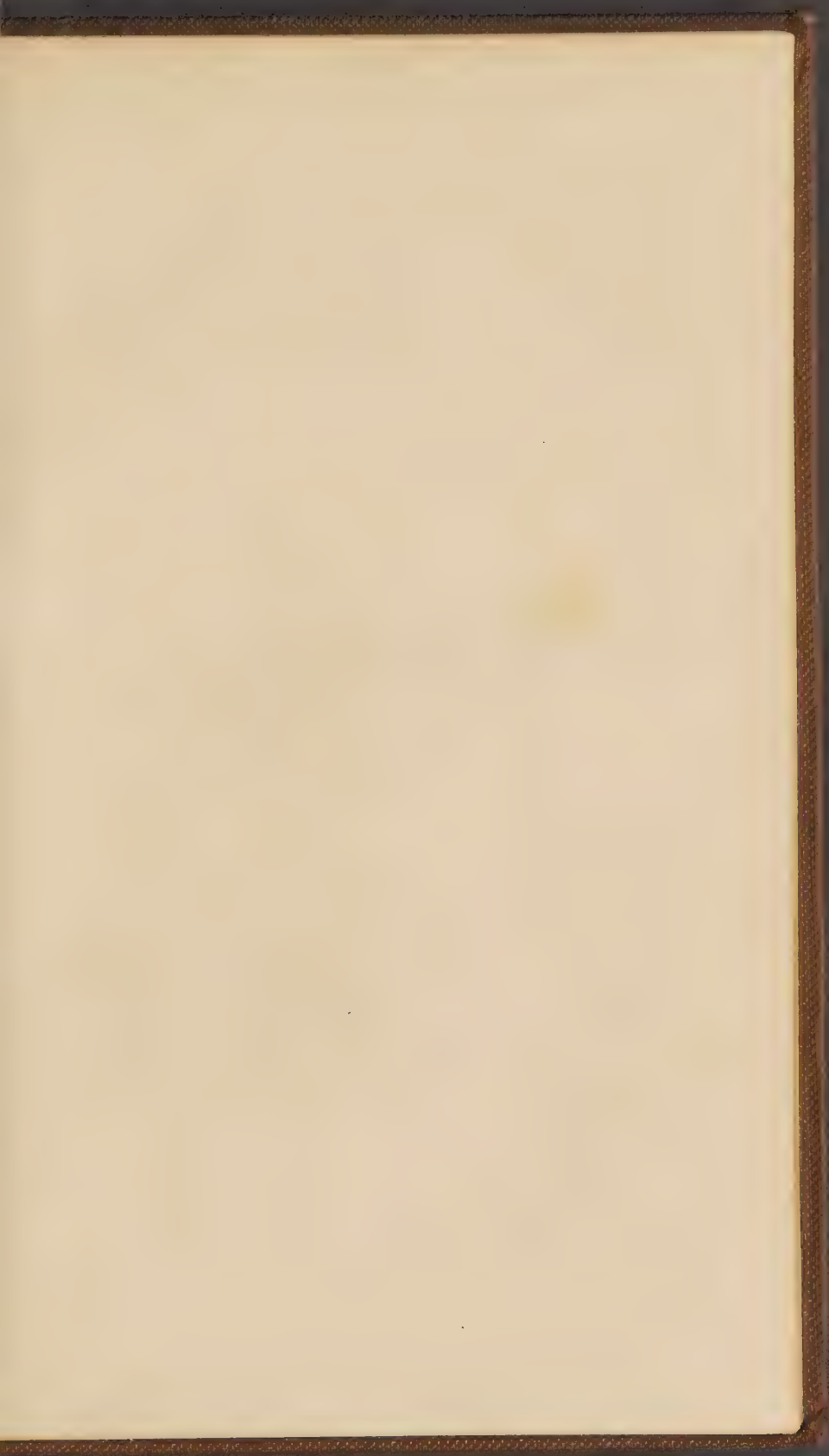
XIII.

Far into the blue distance is a plume,
Or something like one, by the light wind stirred ;
A helmet seems to glimmer through the gloom—
Pshaw ! 'tis the pinion of some early bird,
Glistening with dew and sunshine. Ha ! the bloom
Of hope her young cheek reddens ; there is heard
A bugle's note, and nearer now comes on
The retinue, with spear and gonfalon.

XIV.

A knight breaks from the serried ranks, his steed
Scours the broad plain ; she marks his noble form,
Nearer and nearer still—'tis *he*, indeed !
Returned from bloody battle—safe from storm !
Maud was a timid girl, her heart would bleed
At thoughts of war ; but not the least alarm
She felt, as the young horseman nearer drew—
Indeed, she rather more impatient grew.

* Need I name Bristol's glory and shame—CHATTERTON ?





A MAUDLIN STUDENT.

Please to Knock & Ring.

XV.

The meeting I pass over ; every one
Knows what is usual upon such occasions :
The knight shows all the trophies he has won,
And makes some very warlike revelations ;
How he's been nipp'd by frost, or scorch'd by sun ;
Then winds up all with ardent protestations,
And an embrace ;—such one as you may see
Acted by Crummles and Nick. Nickleby.

XVI.

Maud Easterfield performed her vow, and gave
A ring unto " Our Ladye ;" and to shew
His great devotion to *his* lady, brave
De Courcey gave to her a ring, in lieu
Of what she'd parted with, and was her slave,
And always after paid her homage due—
At least, I hope so : 'tis enough to shock
One's feelings when young people " RING AND KNOCK."

Mother Pugsley's Well.

A LEGEND OF NINE TREE HILL.—1645.

I.

COME, sit on my knee, my little boy Bill,
 And list to a story of Nine Tree Hill,
 Where, when I was a boy,
 With a heart full of joy,
 I wandered, as happy as happy could be,
 With schoolboy companions, merry and free,
 Chasing the bee and the butterfly gay,
 And sporting, like them, through the long summer's day.
 Ah! *that* was the season, my little boy Bill,
 'Tis gone, but remembrance dwells lingeringly still
 On the days which are past,
 Too pleasant to last,
 And which, like *all* bright things, went a little too fast.
 But a truce to reflection,
 And care and dejection—
 For these last two I've no very great predilection;
 So ring for a light,
 And this very night
 I'll read you the rhymes that I've managed to write.

II.

O'er a soldier's grave his comrades brave
Fire vollies, one—two—three !
The valiant and bright in the grave's dark night
Till the judgment morn must be !
For the hero's name the hand of fame
Hath a glorious wreath entwined ;
He'll be thought of long in heart and song,
By those who are left behind.
Away, in woe, from the spot they go,
While their eyes with tear-drops fill,
For the youthful brave, who has found a grave
Where he fell, upon Nine Tree Hill.

III.

Within a curtain-shaded room,
A youthful widow weeps
For him, who ere his youthful bloom
Had passed, in silence sleeps.
Her brow is marked with lines of thought,
That brow which should not show
Time's channels, or the furrows wrought
By deep unspoken woe.
She gazes on a pictured form,
And with convulsive grief,
Bows, like a reed unto the storm,
And finds in tears relief.

Oh ! often in our darkest hours,
When bitter misery wrings
The breast, and sorrow's tempest lowers,
If grief unlock its springs,
And floods of briny tear-drops stream,
The anguish half is o'er—
Hope's radiant tints above us gleam,
Though still the billows roar.
She paced, with an unquiet tread,
The room, where pleasant days
Passed swiftly by with him, the dead,
Evanished from her gaze.
All, all those sickening feelings came,
Of young affection crushed—
Of hopes that were but as a name
Once breathed, then ever hush'd.
Year after year passed o'er her head,
Grey grew her raven hair;
Her footstep lost its dancing tread,
Her form was bowed with care.
Yet still she wore her sable dress,
And never cast aside
The emblems of her long distress
For him, who early died.

IV.

St. Nicholas' bells are ringing to-day,
Some great folks or other are wed, I dare say;

Merrily, merrily, do they ring,
It isn't the birthday of queen or of king.
I wonder whatever on earth it can be!
Lauk! look how the people are running to see;
 Some wonderful sight
 Must surely invite
Their attention, and cause such excessive delight;
 And hey diddle diddle,
 Do hark!—there's a fiddle!

The thing is an incomprehensible riddle.
But here comes a crowd, and Oh! what upon earth
Can that corpse, on that bier, have to do with such mirth?
And as true as I live, on each side there's a maiden,
Dressed all in white, with the sweetest herbs laden,
 Which they strew as they go;
 What a singular show!
Whose funeral is it? I *should* like to know—
Who is it wound up in that white sheet so snugly,
Without coffin, or pall, or the like?

Gammer Hugsley.

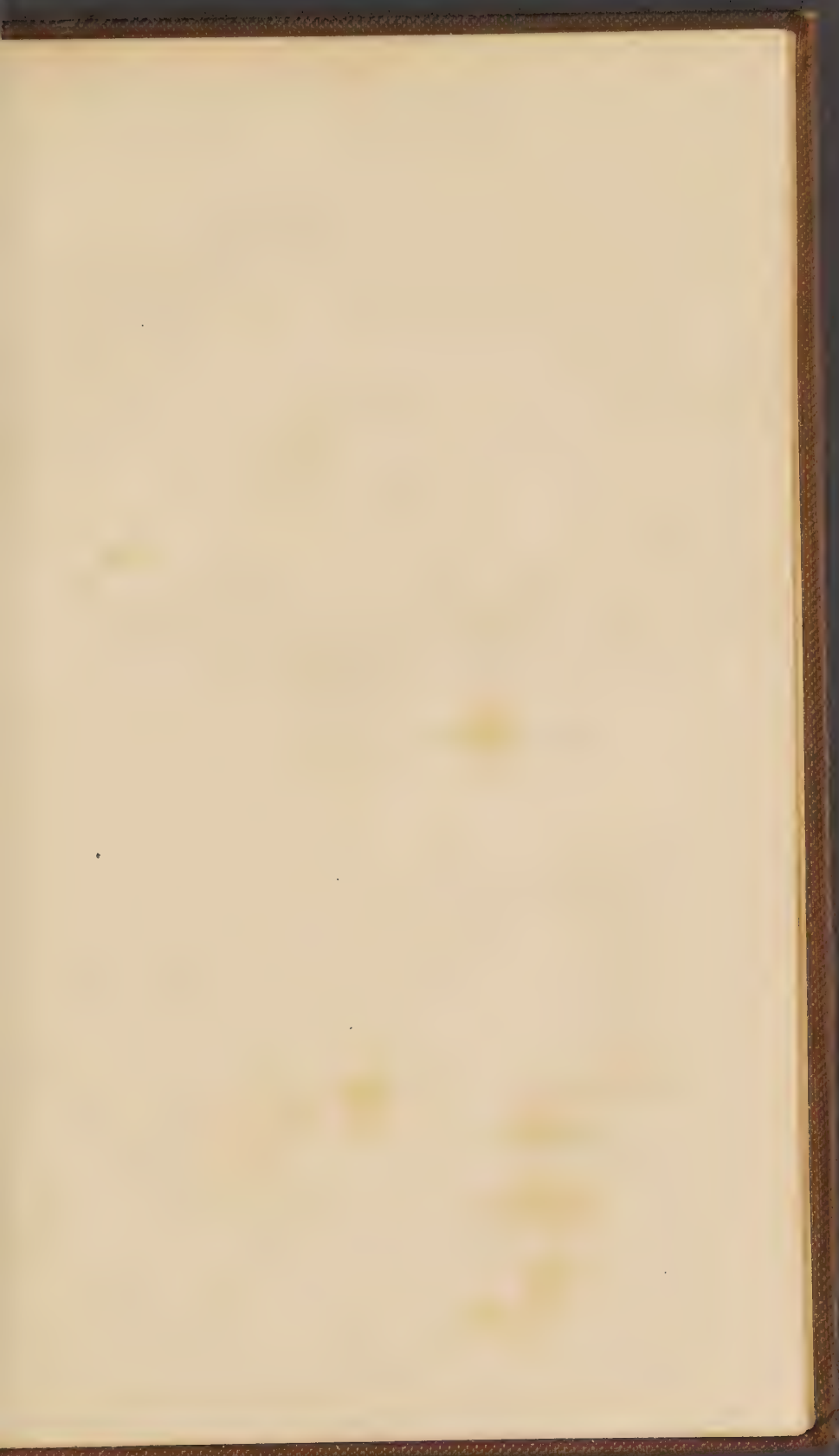
v.

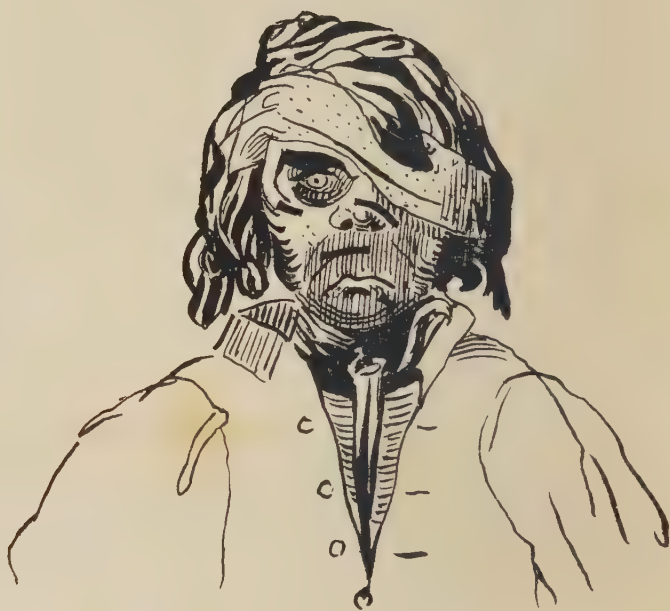
Fifty-five years had passed away,
But never more was the widow gay;
 Bucks by the score
 Knocked at her door;
But although they would beg, and entreat, and implore

Her to change her condition, their efforts were vain,
 She'd not throw off her weeds, nor get married again.
 As older she grew, quite eccentric she got,
 As her will, which I'll quote from, will tell you, I wot:
 It shows that grey hairs waved a warm heart above,
 And that age had not quenched the young fervour of love.
 Some poetess saith,
 Love is stronger than death;
 'Tis true, and the sentiment's really sublime:
 But love's power is shown more,
 When its flame, at fourscore,
 Burns with no hand to fan it, undimmed by old time.

VI.

“ Whenne hence my spyryte shalle remoue,
 I wille my claye bee layde
 Wythynne ye graue of all I loue,
 Beneathe ye elme tree's shade;
 No mourneres lette there bee; forre why
 Sholde teares bee shedde forre those
 Who leaue a longe captiuitie
 & hidde adieu to woes,
 Vpon ye hieere my bodie laye,
 My weddyngge gaurmente onne,
 & wynde me ynne my weddyngge sheete,
 Though brethe and bloome bee goone.





AN EYESORE.

A fyddle, and two maiden's younge,
 With herbs, forre to strowe,
 & lette Saynte Pynholas helles be runge,
 As bye ytt's gate I goe."

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

Mother Pugsley! who does not remember thy well,
 With its waters so cool and so clear;
 But how few can the tale of thy constancy tell,
 Unto few do thy sorrows appear?
 Though none care for thy memory, oft to the spring
 Go the young and the old at sunrise,
 And sit on its margin—to weep? no such thing,
 'Tis only to wash their sore eyes.
 The well-field is cut up; brick and mortar alone
 On the hill of the nine elms is seen;
 Before grim reality, frightened, has flown
 Romance, from its dwelling so green.
 There, little boy Bill, now the tale I have told;
 If the morning should chance to be bright,
 We'll walk to the well of that lady of old—
 Come, a kiss for my story; good night!

The Black Prior.

A LEGEND OF "QUAKER'S FRIARS."

MANY years ago, six hundred or so,
The Dominican monks had a praying and eating house,
Just on the spot where a little square dot
On the Bristol map points out the old Quakers' meeting-
house.

No baron, or squire, or knight of the shire,
As the song informs us, lived half so well
As a holy black Dominican friar—
So list to the tale which I now shall tell.

* * * * *

To a wooded height, on a May morn bright,
Walked a couple of monks; and they ne'er did pass
The door of a dwelling, without their telling
The sinners within that they needed mass.

O'er Durdham Down, in cowl and gown,
The brethren went, and their toes did trip
With sheer fatigue; inclined for a rig,
They entered a beer shop and ordered egg flip.

With the songs they sang the roof-tree rang ;
 Quickly they emptied the well-stored larder ;
 Each kept up his lark more like a young spark
 Than a monk of the sable Dominican order.

“ Come, the sun’s going down, and no more brown
 Stout you can have, so move along ;
 My good man’s away ;—alack a day !
 You won’t reach home by the even song.”

But the friars they laughed, and the friars quaffed,
 And neither one from his seat arose ;
 And the potent lush called up a blush
 Just on the tip of each holy nose.

Just as their drinking is done, and they’re thinking
 That if they were home ’twould be all as well,
 Friar Robert starts up, and with an hiccup
 Says, “ That warmint porter is ringing the bell ;

And here must we stay until break of day ;
 So, hostess, prithee a bed prepare.”

“ Oh ! my good man’s away, and what would he say
 If aught in the shape of a man lodged here ?

He’s gone to the mill, far over the hill,
 And I am alone.” But her heart grew soft—
 With an “ O ! Benedicte !” she conquered her nicety,
 And made up the friars a bed in the loft.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Father John was a friar, and also the Prior
Of the convent named in my opening stanza;
Stalwart was he, and fair to see,
As some hero of farce or of extravaganza.

The Prior, 'twas known, loved to walk alone
In the cool of the evening, and gossips said,
That he'd let himself out, like our young men about
Town, when their fathers are gone to bed.

* * * *

Friar Robert doth sleep, but his fellow doth peep
Through a chink in floor—the young monk was a rum
body:

He sees hostess and maid, in their best arrayed,
Busy preparing a supper for somebody.

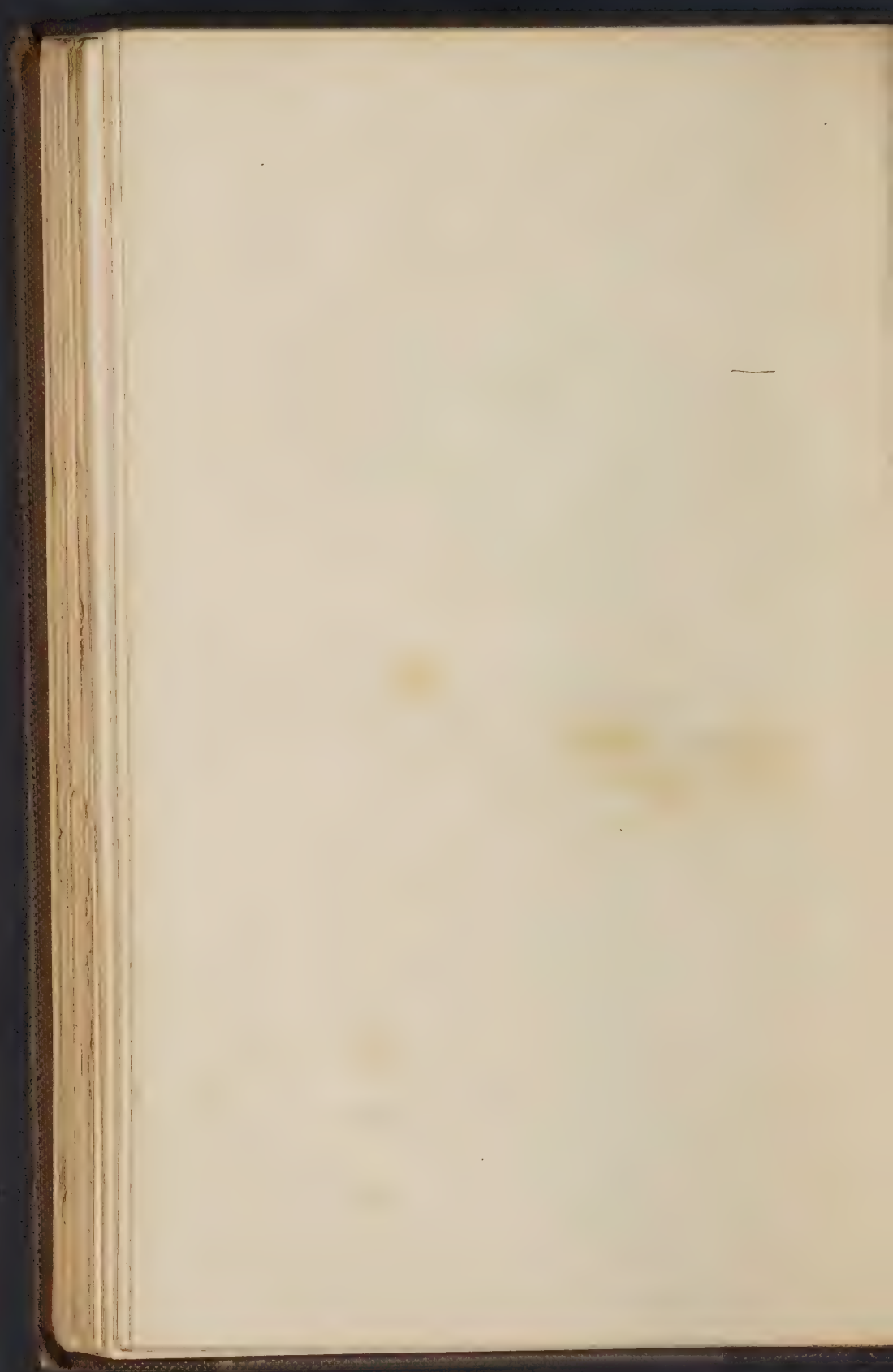
“Now Madge, to-night make the hearth burn bright:”—
Swift on the spit are two capons screwed,
Two rabbits are got and put into the pot,
And some fine large onions set down to be stewed.

Mistress Agatha's kirtle is green as a myrtle,
On her head doth a snowy kerchief shine;
Her boddice is laced right down to the waist,
With beautiful silken and silver twine.

There's a knock at the door!—one quick look more
She took in the mirror, as if to try her
Powers of attraction, then with great satisfaction
She opened the gate and let in the Black Prior.



A BLACK PRYER.



Off goes his cowl:—a fat pea-fowl,
Ready larded, with partridges hardly dead,
Some Gascon wine, a very fine
Wicker basket of almond bread—

Fine stuff for the teeth, he drew from beneath
His cloak, and laid on the napkined board:—
“Now your good man,” said he, “is away, you shall see
What treasures our convent stores afford.”

The capons are roasted, the bread is toasted,
And just as a fork is stuck into a rabbit,
There’s a knocking aloud; pale as corpse in a shroud
Turns the broad face of the sanctified Abbot.

Quickly quenched was the fire, and hid was the Prior
In an empty meal **tub**; the wife out of sight
Put the wine and **the** meat, then, with arrant deceit,
Called out, “Who’s knocking so loud to-night?”

Here have I been in bed this hour,” she said;
“My good man’s out, and I’ve much to fear:
You may bawl till you’re deaf, that you may, Mr. F.,
It’s all very well, but you won’t lodge here.”

Soon she ceases to doubt, ’tis her husband without,
And gets up to admit him. “Dame, give me some meat;”
“What, at this time of night!” she exclaimed, in a fright;
“In the house there’s nothing that’s fit to eat.”

Some stale cow heel and a little cold veal

She gave him, with black bread, aught but soft,
And some rancid cheese. Does he hear a sneeze?

"Mistress! there's somebody up in our loft!"

"Ah! my good man, two Dominican
Friars did beg a bed of me;"

"Quick, call them down." The dame, with a frown,
Said, "Fare such as this is they ne'er shall see;

What, coarse cow heel and poor lean veal!"

But all in vain did she urge objection;
The friars came down, and some good old brown
Ale they quaffed to their great delection.

"This is poorish feed, but we, indeed,
Have nought besides in the house to offer."
The young monk's eyes looked about with surprise,
And he to the husband his aid did proffer.

"In days of yore all magical lore
I deeply studied, and if you'll keep
My secret, I, you may rely,
Will get something dainty before you sleep."

Then straight he took from his wallet a book,
And also a couple of magic boxes;
He rolled his eyes and looked at the skies,
Like a moon-struck patient at Dr. Fox's.

He foamed, and moaned, and muttered, and groaned,
And the door of the cupboard with vengeance hit—
Then winked at the mistress, and seemed to say, "This is
Very wicked of you, but I scorn to split."

With open mouth he turned to the south;
Thrice to the east he duly bent;
And commenced an oration or incantation,
To the husband's utter astonishment.

**"O Sancte Jarlath audi me, qui clamo,
Quietus sis Joannes de Tuamo,
Sunt Lanth-jam, ham res magne venerandæ
Fer scopulum, poculum, sacchari brandi."**

"Now open," said he, "the cupboard, and see
Good food prepared;" to the wife's feigned wonder,
'Twas just as he said—there was almond bread,
And a fowl, and some rabbits a dish-cover under;

With two bottles of fine old Gascon wine.
Quoth the good man, "This really looks
Like the story I've heard, and thought absurd,
Of heaven sending meat and the devil cooks."

So they set to work with knife and fork,
But of their repast I need not tell;
Suffice it to say, that 'twas no child's play,
And the bones were polished extremely well.

The supper was done :—inclined for fun,
 The young monk said, “ If ’tis your desire,
 My cook you shall see immediately,
 In the guise of a black Dominican Prior.”

Towards the trough, with a chuckling cough,
 Straight went the monk. “ Foul fiend !” cried he,
 “ Come fortho, quicko, then cut your sticko,
 Mufflem mug, Benedicite.

Begone from this house, our good man’s spouse
 Cannot abide thy presence in it;
 Sathanas, depart !”—with a bound and a start,
 The Prior went off, at “ a mile a minute.”

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

If the black monks now could rise, I trow,
 And visit the spot where they once were partakers
 Of viands the best, and nicely drest,
 Occupied by the frugal, they’d all turn Quakers.

A different scene it was once, I ween ;
 No monk is now heard his prayers repeating ;
 And the singers and chaunters, and black gallivanter,
 Had never a thought of a “ silent meeting.”

The Three Kings.

A LEGEND OF SMALL STREET.—A. D. 1643.

I.

MORN on the city—from the crowd
 Peal forth rejoicings, long and loud,
 The bells strike out a merry strain,
 That sweeps o'er Redcliff's daisied plain;
 Banners are flying, and the sound
 Of music's voice is heard around.
 Why are the citizens to-day
 Keeping a joyful holiday?
 Why leaves the artisan awhile
 His toil to join the general smile?
 The old and young are gaily drest,
 Each 'prentice sports his Sunday's "best;"
 Towards the Temple Gate they go,
 As if some sight to see,
 No doubt 'tis some uncommon show,—
 Whatever can it be?

Thicker and faster, by the gate,
The gaping folks accumulate;
 Still onward, on they come
Down Temple Street, a human stream
The masses pour; now women scream—
 Fatigued and faint grow some.
Hark! there's a buz—the gates so wide
And massive, now are flung aside;
 And through the space doth ring
A cry from many thousand lungs,
Or hearts, or rather thousand tongues,
 “*The King, the King, the King.*”
And see, there comes in regal state,
Beneath the arch of Temple Gate,
 A mounted cavalier;
His face is cast in gravest mould,
And in his mien, so calmly cold,
 The *Monarch* doth appear.
A slight moustache just skirts his lip,
Upon his chin, a slender “tip”
 (It was the fashion then,)
Gives to his royal face the air
Derived from air quite debonaire,
 Of line of battle men.
Two goodly sons, the King beside,
Upon two gallant chargers ride;
 Through Temple Street they pass,

And over Bristol Bridge, until
They cross the top of High Street hill,
Where there is not a High Cross still—

To Bristol's shame, alas!

Then, when the Tolzey's past, they ride
Down Small Street; on the right hand side

They make a halt, and then
Comes Sheriff Colston forth, and says,
"He never dream't, in all his days,

That princely gentlemen
Would come to honour his poor house:"
He makes a score or two of bows—
An open table he allows.

And King and Princes twain
Alight, and all the people cry,
"God bless his gracious Majesty!"

Then all do separate.
But we must go within, and see
The banquet given to royalty
By Master Colston, in his hall,
And note whatever doth befall
Within that place of state.

II.

Sheriff Colston's head cook and his subs are red hot
With exertions, o'er saucepans, and gridirons, and pot;

They are all in white nightcaps, a goodly crew,
Preparing the soup, and the fish, and the stew;
The turnspit himself, looks a proud little dog,
As he's helping to roast the best part of a hog,
And he cocks up his tail, just as if he would say,
It is for a *King* I am turning to-day.

He was not the first,

And by no means the worst,

Who had turn'd about, wheel'd about, done the thing brown,
All for the sake of just pleasing the crown.

That scene was bewitching,

For Colston's great kitchen

All the good things of the season was rich in—

Haunches of venison, with beautiful pasty

Concealing their beauties, and making them tasty,

Collars of brawn, salmon and trout,

Lobsters, so fresh they were crawling about,

Quarters of lamb,

Raspberry jam,

Ox tongues and deer's tongues, and bacon, and ham,

Guinea-fowls larded, pea-fowls fine,

Plump fat capons, turkey and chine,

Plovers and partridges, ducks and geese,

Kidney beans and marrowfat peas,

Beef and mutton, and eggs by the score,

Rabbits and hares, red mullets, which gour-

Mands like so well, with a great many more

Things than I now have got time to tell o'er.

III.

It must have been a goodly scene
That day in Colston's house, I ween;
Three of a royal race were then
The guests of a Bristol citizen,—
Charles and his Sons; the splendid hall
Ne'er saw so brave a festival.
The Monarch, with a brow sedate,
Between his princely offspring sate,
And all around them seemed to vie
In services of loyalty.
Oh! had some mystic writing shone,
Like that which startled Babylon,
On Colston's walls, and told the doom
Of sire and sons, portentous gloom
Had fallen on all, like deadly blight,
And turned their sunshine into night.

IV.

Alderman Creswick his turbot had ate,
And his servant had just been dispatched for a plate
Of ven'son—a fat slice,
He always thought *that* nice,
When Prince Charles, who we know was a merry young
spark,
Tied the alderman's queue to his chair for a lark;

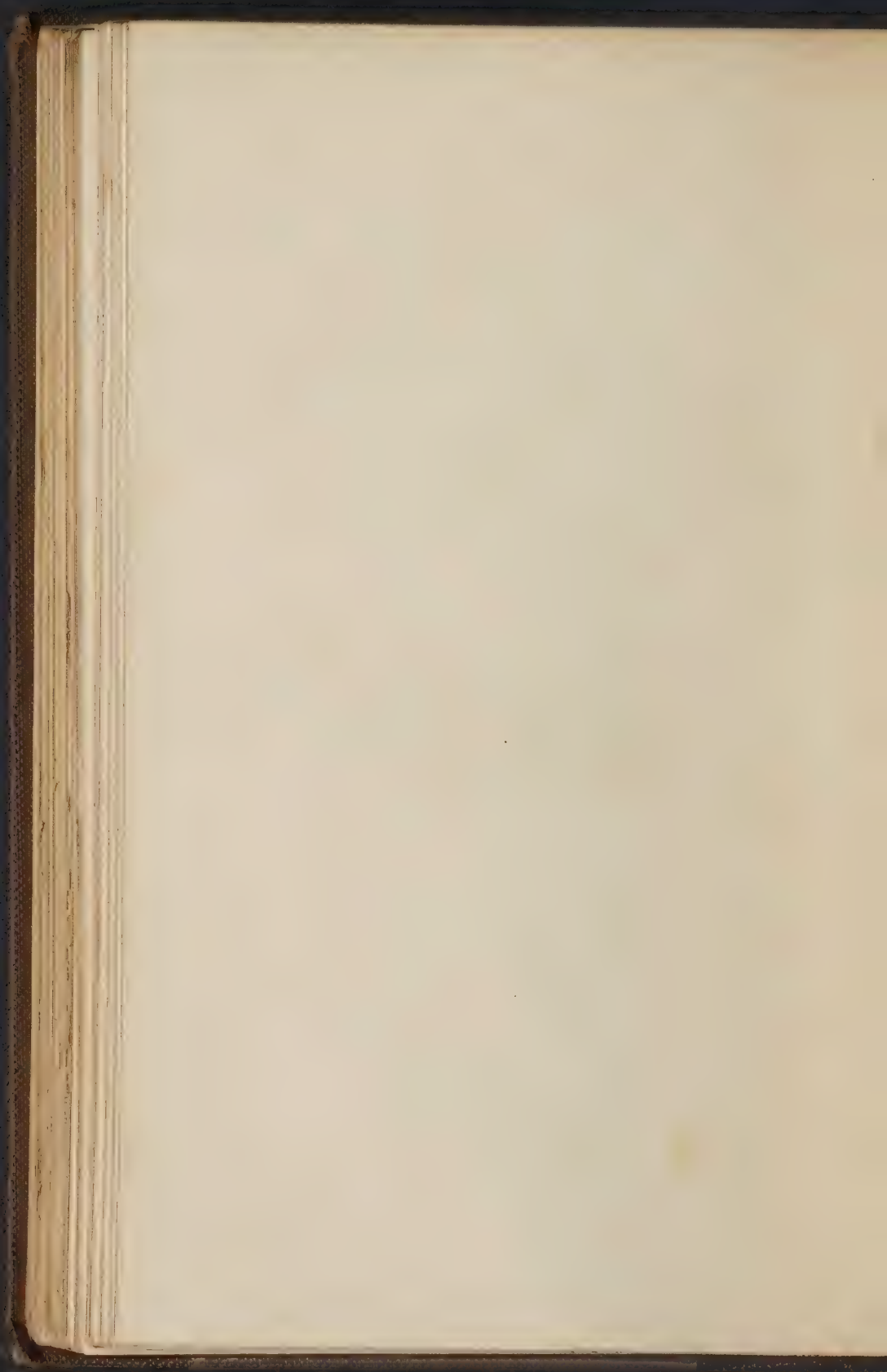
When the alderman rose,
The King's health to propose,
He was bald, and the folks laughed, as you may suppose;
Whilst the wicked young master,
Who caused the disaster,
Put the tip of his thumb to the top of his nose.
E'en when he was King,
He of fun had his fling,
And played off his pranks, as we all of us know,
With Killigrew, Rochester, Sedley, and Co.

v.

'Tis a source of regret,
When those princes were met,
That nobody thought a reporter to get,
To take down the speeches, and all that was said,
And to say from what dishes his Majesty fed;
To tell, did he eat
More of fish than of meat,
And whether his brandy was watered or neat;
And whether Prince James and his brother, a slice
Had of plum-pudding extra, because 'twas "so nice."
In our days, I know
That at every such show,
A dozen or more of stenographers go:
If the Queen does but ask for a bit or a sup,
They don't let her words slip 'twixt the lip and the cup.



THE THREE KINGS.



VI.

Six years of storm and strife passed by,
 And on a scaffold black and high,
 By Whitehall's ancient front doth stand
 The Monarch of the English land.
 A ruler ruled,—brought forth to die—
 A sovereign robbed of sovereignty!
 His kingdom lost, now lays he down
 That head which once had borne a crown
 Upon the bloody block.—'Tis past!
 Life's feverish dream is o'er at last.
 And his two sons,—but all may see
 Their fates in England's history;
 One but as folly's votary known,
 And one an exile from a throne.

* * * * *

Still does the ancient dining hall,
 Where Colston held his festival,
 Remain, at number twenty, Small
 Street, where these legendary lines
 Were printed—still are seen the signs
 Of ancient grandeur. If it chance,
 Reader, that you would wish to glance
 At Colston's house, no thought have I
 That Mr. Taylor will deny
 Your application,—so apply,
 If the particulars you'd learn all,
 Unto "the office of this Journal."

The Ship and Castle.

A LEGEND OF THE DAYS OF EDWARD THE FIRST.

YOUNG Elinor De Montfort has left her father's home,
And travels to a stranger shore, o'er ocean's surge and foam;
A wooer brave has asked her hand, and told love's thrilling
tales;

She goes to be Llewellyn's bride,—Llewellyn, Prince of
Wales!

A tear was in the maiden's eye, as she turned her latest glance
Upon the land she left behind, the sunny land of France.
But her face again is wreathed with smiles, she dries her
falling tears,

When her young companions tell her of the bliss of future
years.

On, on they sail, a pleasant gale is wafting them along;
Why dies away all suddenly the voice of lute and song?
There's terror upon every brow, and pale grows every face,
For afar they mark a stranger bark, and she is giving chase:
In vain, in vain the rower's strain. Now, Mary Mother, save
The gentle Ladye Elinor from the rover of the wave!

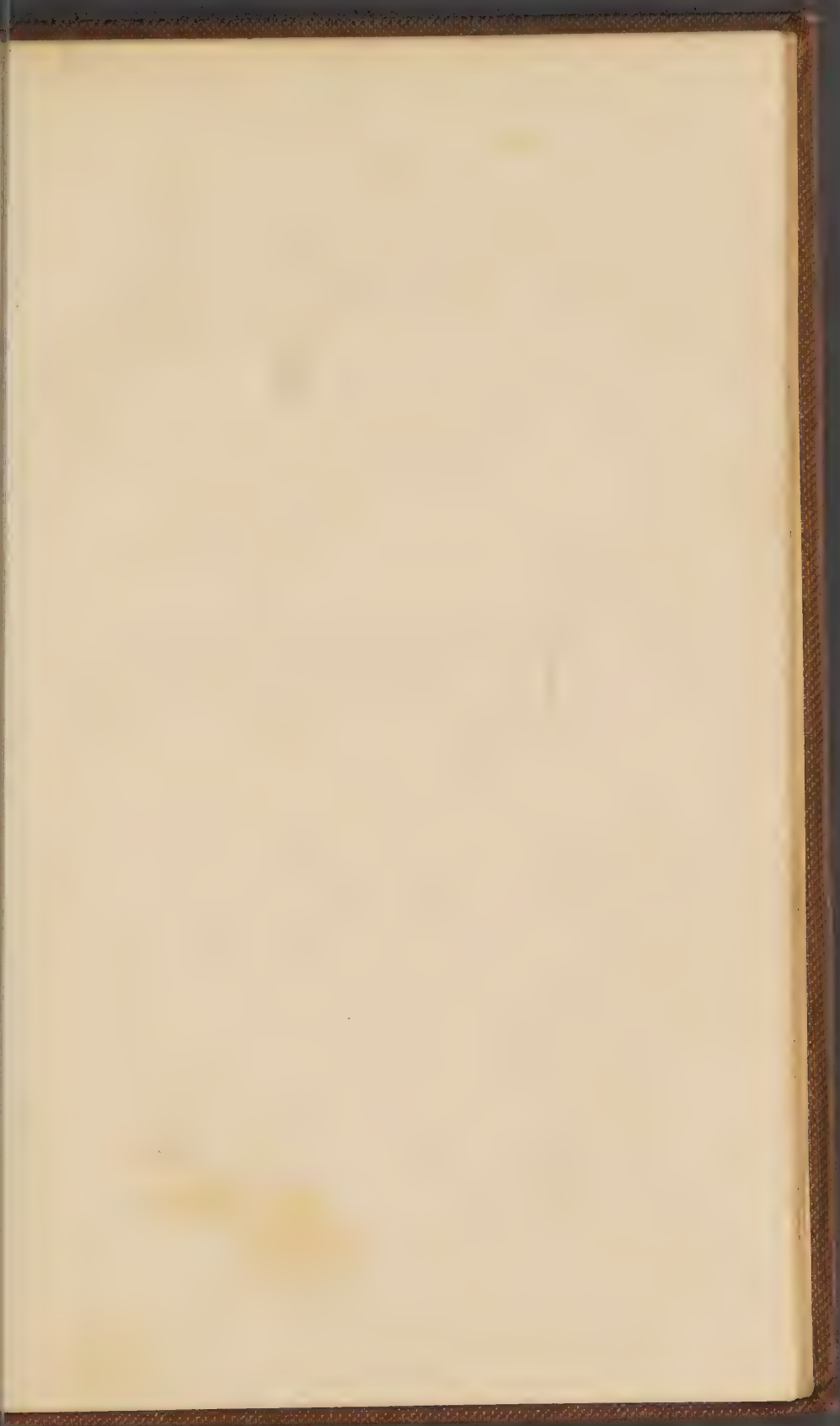
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

Barnaby Bricks was a burgess bold,
 Spirituous compounds he bought and sold;
 Often, 'twas known,
 From the banks of Garonne,
 He had cargoes of all the best wines that were grown:
 Frontignac,
 Rich Barsac,
 Vin ordinaire, which he used for his sack;
 Prime old Hock,
 Which would make the clock
 Of your brain sing, "hiccory diccory dock."
 Burgundy, Chateau Margaux,—what is primer?
 Crack Rudesheimer,
 Good stuff for a rhymer,
 It helps up the hill of Parnassus a climber.
 Lachryma Christi,
 Schiedam and Whiskey;
 Champagne, pink and white, the still or the frisky;
 Sherry and Port, o'er the rough Bay of Biscay
 Imported,—for Barnaby oft would resort to
 Ireland, France, Germany, Spain, and Oporto,
 For liquors; in short, to cut short my recitals,
 For brandy, rum, gin,
 And all drink that went in
 To the stomach of man to enliven his vitals.

One evening, as Barnaby sat in his shop,
He'd been very busy, and having grown weary
Of filling up gills and making out bills,
And was moistening his throat with a stoup of canary;
In came a rough looking sort of a mortal,
Who, tipping a wink unto Brick's buxom daughter,
Said, ere he had well nigh got inside the portal,
"Madge, make me a goblet of brandy and water,
Hot, strong, and sweet,—and just mind ye, my lass,
Put a nice kiss or two into the glass."

Barnaby Bricks and the stranger sat
Till long after midnight in conversation;
Hitting, as people do now quite pat,
On the very best method of ruling the nation.
When all in the house had gone to bed,
The guest just hinted to Bricks a plan,
The adoption of which, without doubt, he said,
Would make his host a substantial man.
The way was this,—just to send a ship, or
Even a fishing smack, out to sea;
Fill the same with the best of liquor,
Which he, the conscientious skipper,
For a trifle, would run all duty free,
To the manifest profit of Barnaby;
Who, like Byron's Julia,
Said, "Really 'tis truly a





FANCY PORTRAIT. VAN AMBURGH.

Risk to run ;" but the gains he scented,
And whispering, "I'll ne'er consent"—consented.

* * * *

Barnaby Bricks has to Hamburgh been,
A goodly cargo he has, I ween.
Sailing homeward, ('twas war time,) far away
He sees a vessel with streamers gay:
Now Barnaby Bricks was just the man
To adopt the motto, "Get all I can ;
As already I've smuggled,
And cheated and juggled,
I as well may be hung for a sheep as a lamb."
So he ordered the skipper to trim for a race,
And after the other he went in full chase ;
Less the distance between them grew,
Faster and faster the strange bark flew
Over the waves, like a frightened thing,
Or a dove when it spies the falcon's wing :
The rowers strain
In vain, in vain,
The Bristol burgess doth on them gain ;
And just ere the sun sinks below the horizon,
The stranger is captured, and Bricks casts his eyes on
Fair Elinor !
And he gammons her o'er,
Saying he'll pilot her safely to shore ;
And to Almerike Montfort, her brother, he swore

That he near Llewellyn's own castle was going,
 And if they'd allow him the honour of showing
 The shortest way there,
 They need not to fear

The numberless rocks, shoals, and quicksands, that were
 Quite fatal to strangers. So Almerike took
 Barnaby's hand in great joy, which he shook,
 As earnest of service he was to receive,
 Whilst the rascally Boniface laughed in his sleeve.

* * * *
 * * * *

King Edward holds his court within the walls
 Of Bristol castle ; gorgeous festivals
 And tournaments are held, to please the eye,
 And pass away the time of royalty.
 The jousts are over for the day ;—alone
 Sits the first Edward :—hark ! a trumpet's tone
 Startles the watchman on the castle's tow'r.
 What stranger on the tide at such an hour
 Admittance seeks within the secret port ?
 " Health to King Edward and his knightly court,
 I bear a prize." The gates are flung aside,
 And on the bosom of the treacherous tide
 De Montfort's vessel, led by treachery,
 Glides past the port. Loud Barnaby doth cry,

"I bring King Edward, Almerike the bold,
A prisoner." Quoth De Montfort, "*Then I'm sold.*"
The Monarch thanked the burgess for his tricks,
And sent away with presents Barny Bricks.

Before the King the maiden stood,
In doubt and sad surmise,
Back to her young heart rushed the flood
Of the proud De Montfort's ancient blood,
And flashed her scornful eyes.
"Why stand I here? I little thought
Thy minion, Monarch, would have wrought
This deed of treachery;
But there is one who will not leave
De Montfort's child in bonds to grieve;
One who will save or die,
The Prince Llewellyn"—

"Ha! my foe?
Yet, Ladye, will I let thee go:
Never of Edward shall it be
Said that he lacked of courtesy,
E'en to his fiercest enemy,
Much less to one so fair as thee."

* * * * *

With Morgan, Ap Gwyllym, Ap Owen, Ap Jenkin,
The Prince of North Wales, bold Llewellyn, is drinking:

He tosses a huge tankard off without blinking
The least, and declares that he'll never be shrinking
From toasting his lass,—and with eye slyly winking,
He Ap Gwyllym informs that of late he's been thinking
 A maiden to wed,
 For his board and his bed
Were exceedingly dull without *some one*, he said;
To that end he had sent a page over the water,
To ask old De Montfort to spare him his daughter;
 And by every tide
 He expected his bride,
With her brothers and many relations, beside
 Bridemaids and cousins,
 By dozens and dozens,
To witness how tightly the knot would be tied.

 Day after day
 Passes away,
But the vessel had not yet arrived in the bay,
Whose waters rolled at the foot of the cliff,
And Llewellyn got into a sort of a miff;
No wonder it was the delay should have put him
Out, for he fancied his mistress had *cut* him.

One evening the Prince was at table as usual,
 Behind a great tankard, in sorrowful mood;
Only opening his mouth to abuse all
 Women as vilely as ever he could.

When the door aside
 Was flung, and he spied
 His page, just come in from a very hard ride.
 To Llewellyn he handed a note, without word,
 Who cut the floss band with the point of his sword;
 When he read in the letter how Edward the King
 Had imprisoned his ladye, his loud voice did ring
 Through the old castle—"To war then, to war!"
 Shouted Llewellyn. His followers afar
 In the hall and the court-yard caught up the fierce sound.
 To war?—aye, to war! was re-echoed around.

O! had you then seen

Prince Llewellyn, I ween

You would not have liked in his way to have been;
 Fierce as a lioness robbed of her young,
 When full on the trail of her spoilers she's sprung;
 Fierce as a famishing wolf, or the tiger,
 Which Mungo Park met on the banks of the Niger;
 Fierce as—but Oh! there is no use in swelling
 My similes; all I would say I'll be telling,
 By saying there's nought in earth, air, or sea dwelling,
 As fierce by one half as was fierce Prince Llewellyn.

* * * * *

Fifty thousand pound!—that's a sum "pretty round,"

By the ancient story's telling,

As a ransom was paid to recover the maid,

By his liberal highness, Llewellyn:

And a thousand more out of his store
Was forwarded every year
To the King; so we see that one's wife may be
A bargain uncommonly *dear*.
In one thousand two hundred and seventy-eight,
'Tis by an old chronicler stated,
In a rhyming ditty, at Worcester city
The nuptials were celebrated.
The Prince and the King left off quarrelling,
Peace reigned upon all the Welsh border,
Till in this our own day, when I'm sorry to say,
There has been a slight Chartist disorder.
The Bristol Great Seal does my legend reveal,
If you'll just into "Dallaway" dip,
There you will see as plain as can be,
A view of the Castle and Ship.
I would only just say, ere I quite throw away
My pen, that I've trumped up no fiction;
Peter Langtoft long since told the tale of the Prince
And his bride, so I brave contradiction.

John Cabot's Dream.

A "GREAT WESTERN" LEGEND.

I.

"THERE was an ancient Mariner,"
Who went across the sea,
From Bristol—not in the China trade,
For they hadn't invented tea;
But in search of the El Dorada shore,
Now called Amerikey.

II.

Far had he sailed—the red sun rose
And set, but still his eye
Saw nothing but the boundless deep,
And the ever bounding sky;
No ships he spoke, for but the sail
Of the Nautilus went by.

III.

In the morning grey, just where the sky
Blent with the leaden sea,

He would gaze across the mighty main,
To where lands unknown might be :
His eyes before his ship went on
A cruise of discovery.

IV.

And when the west with purple pomp
Was adorned by the sun-set's blaze,
He would climb the shrouds, in hope that land
Might loom through the golden haze ;
Still nought saw he but sky and sea,
For many, many days.

V.

For many weary days—at last,
Ere his latest hope had gone,
“ Land ! ” shouted he, for 'twas truly land,
Which he rested his eyes upon ;
’Twas in fourteen hundred and ninety-seven,
On the day of good Saint John.

VI.

Quoth Cabot, to his mariners,
“ My boys, now understand,
The name of this stranger shore, d’ye see,
Shall henceforth be New-found-land ;
We’ll have double allowance of grog to-day,
So, Steward ! bear a hand.”

VII.

John Cabot drank King Henry's health,
 And merry were all his men,
 For every breast with joy did leap
 To see the land again,—
 The pleasant land for which they had yearned
 Upon the perilous main.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

VIII.

John Cabot in his cabin lies,
 Revolving golden schemes,
 With glorious hopes and high resolves,
 His ardent fancy teems;
 At last, he takes a journey to
 The pleasant land of dreams.

IX.

O! wondrous Dreamland! who has not
 Threaded some mystic maze
 In its dim recesses, or lived again
 In dreams of other days?
 How fancy to the sleeper's eye
 Its world of wealth displays!

X.

The old man groweth young again,
The beggar seems a king;
The tongue of the lone and sorrowful
Is made with joy to sing:
Cool fountains upon arid wastes,
By fainting pilgrims spring.

XI.

The child is on its mother's breast,
Which long in the grave hath lain;
For in Dreamland all the lov'd and lost
Are given us again;
But, alas! the pathway from that land
Is that of awakening pain.

XII.

And of what did Cabot dream? Now list,
Kind gentles all, to me,
His dream of the future you shall know,
For his fancy revelled free,
And he had a vision of a ship—
Of a ship that WAS TO BE.

XIII.

He thought that he was all alone,
Pacing his vessel's deck,

When just where sea and sky did meet,
He saw a little speck.
At first he took it for a boat,
Some remnant of a wreck:

XIV.

He looked again—a vapour dense
Behind that boat did stream;
He thought of the great sea serpent, for
Such monster did it seem;
And then of the pillar of cloud and fire,
With its mystic shade and gleam.

XV.

The spec grew to a spectacle,
For o'er the waters dark
As it came, it became of monstrous size,—
A black* and spectral bark!
'Twas not the Flying Dutchman, for
No sail could Cabot mark.

XVI.

Nearer she comes, a fearful thing,
Without sails, or oarsmen toiling;
Four masts sprung from her mighty hull,
And a chimney, from which a coiling
Dense smoke rushes out, as if below
The devil's pot was boiling.

* "On came the Great Western, black and blackguardly."—*New York Paper*.

XVII.

On either side was a monstrous wheel,
 That churned into a froth
 The deep, deep sea, as it had been
 Soap suds or boiling broth.
 "Now," quoth John Cabot, "fiend, avaunt !
 I know thee, by my troth !"

XVIII.

On came the monster ship—good Lord !
 She wave and wind defies ;
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 With whiz and fiz the bark unknown
 Past Cabot's vessel flies.

XIX.

Right over those accursed wheels,
 The tall fiend stands alone,
 His hair streams on the rushing wind,
 Whose power he scorns to own :
 On purpose to deceive, nor tail,
 Nor hoof, nor horns are shown.

XX.

Grim triumph sitting on his brow,
 As his bark sweeps by is seen ;

Scorn of John Cabot's humble bark
 Is mirrored on his mien,
 And in his hand he holds a sort
 Of a Fiéschi machine.

XXI.

The huge thing dashes swiftly by,
 Over the briny flood,
 A train of smoke her pathway shows,
 Through which the sun, the bright sun glows,
 As 'twere an orb of blood.

XXII.

Like a spirit of the deep she speeds ;
 The mad waves, in despite
 Of her mighty wings, lash furiously
 Her sides—she scorns their might :
 Again she dwindles to a speck,
 And now is out of sight !

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

XXIII.

John Cabot told on his return,
 The wonders of his dream ;
 But a laugh was all he ever got,
 When dwelling on the theme ;
 For they didn't believe in second sight,
 And knew not the giant *Steam* !

XXIV.

'Twas Captain Hosken on the box
Who for a fiend took he ;
The spectre bark was the " Western " ship,
Steaming across the sea,
Which washes the banks of Newfoundland,
To North Amerikey.
So ends my story of John Cabot,
And of his discoverie.

Sheriff Yeomans's Execution.

A LEGEND OF WINE STREET.

I.

IN the year sixteen hundred and forty and three,
 The rumours of war, by sword, cannon, and pistol,
 Sent abroad o'er the kingdom, broke up all the peace,
 And filled with dismay the good people of Bristol.

Some cried, "Church and King!"—some roared no such
 thing;

Some swore they'd be off when the "Bonnie Prince
 Charlie" went;

Some, spite of the jeers of the "braw Cavaliers,"
 Threw up their caps, and declared for the Parliament.

Rum, brandy, and lemons, found good Maister Yeomans
 For the friends of the King; and good food too, I wis:
 So 'twas said he was hatching a plot, and the catching
 Of the Bristol ex-Sheriff in manner was this:—

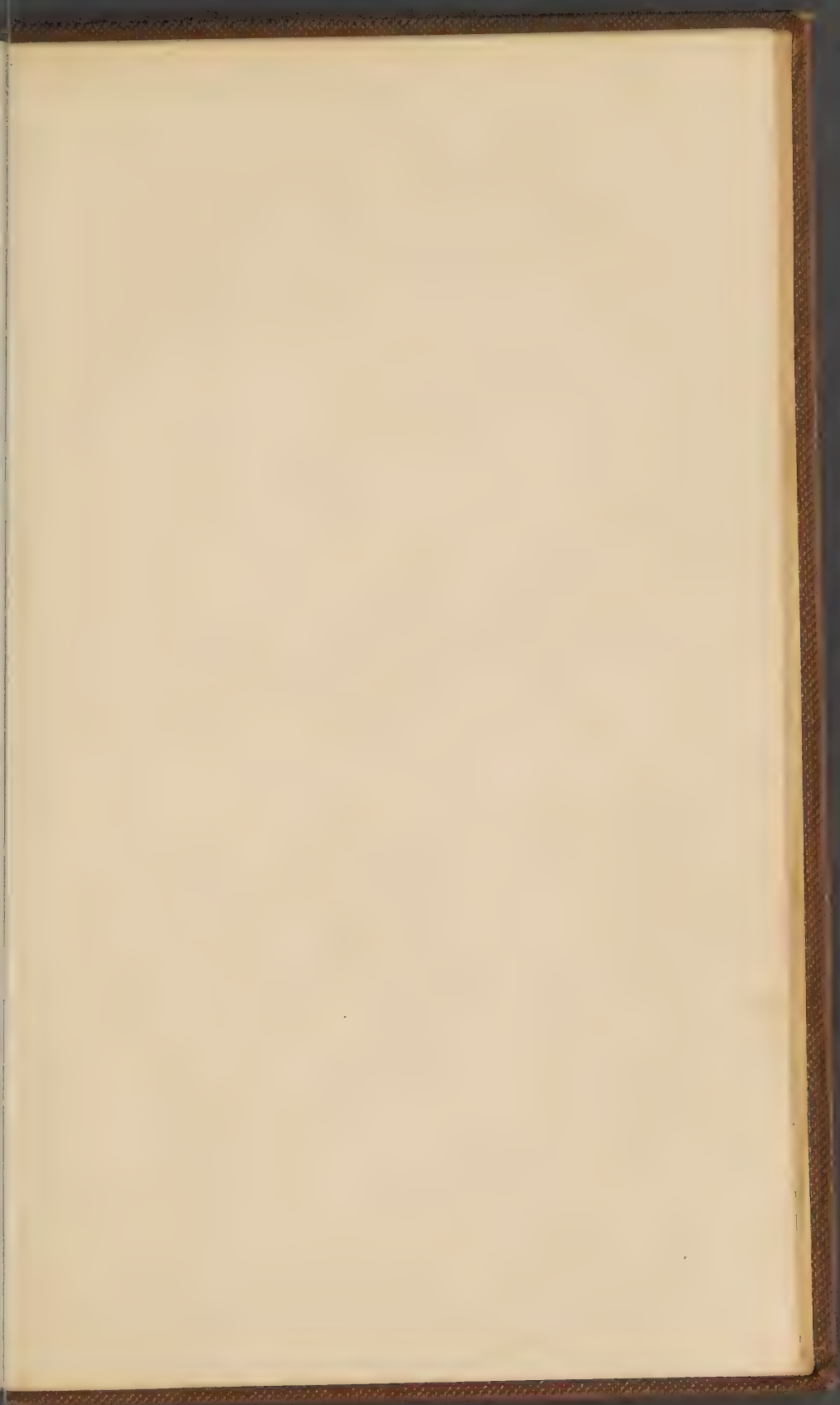
Maister Yeomans, with others, in loyalty brothers,
 One evening sat deep in debate,—as ill-luck
 Would have it, in rushed, and their stratagems crushed,
 Forty stout musquetteers, led by one Captain Buck.

Some women had laid information, 'twas said ;

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

II.

In a dungeon of Bristol castle grey,
 Yeomans and Boucher for many a day
 In darkness and heavy anguish lay,
 Chained by their necks, chained by their feet,—
 Fed with only the felons' meat.
 Twelve long weeks had wearily past,
 When the door of their dungeon was open cast ;
 Before a court martial their trials they took,
 Which met in a house on Bridge Parade,—if you'll look
 Into Millard's old map, or "**true delineation**
Of Bristowe," you'll see its exact situation :
 Its front's represented
 As much ornamented,
 And by one Robert Rogers 'twas owned or 'twas rented.





A SEEDY SUBJECT.

At the time when I write,
(First of June, ten at night,
For I mostly indite
Legends by candle-light,)

You may mark o'er the door of that same house the names
Of two Mr. Greenslades, and one Mr. James ;
The sign is so plain, as you run you may read,
And the site may be seen when you're looking for seed—
Messrs. Greenslade and Co.
Dealing, as you may know,
In all sorts of seeds which the garden folks sow.

III.

The trial of loyalty came to a close,
And the sentence of death was proclaimed through the nose
Of the President ; for to my readers be't known,
His voice had the vile puritanical tone.

Back to their den
Went the prisoners again,
Condemned to be hung the next morning at ten.

IV.

'Tis the thirtieth of May,
And the scene would be gay,
With soldiers all prancing in martial array,
If 'twere not that every eye might see
Frowning above them a gallows-tree ;

Wine Street is thronged,—the people are flocking
To get capital places at windows. Oh! shocking!
That women should mix with *such* human flood,
That *her* eye should gloat on a scene of blood!

I'm sorry to say,
That 'tis so in our day,
When a man's to be hanged, they go posting away,
Taking their children, as if to a play;
'Twas the case, we're informed by the journals in town,
When Greenacre swung who cut up Mrs. Brown.

V.

The clock strikes ten,—
Again and again
The wild mob shriek out for their victims, and then
Silent they grow, and each face looks aghast,
As the hangmen prepare for their horrible task.
The dense dark crowd divides—and see,
Two fettered men tow'rd the gallows-tree
Slowly move on. God! can it be,
That man should inflict such agony—
Take that away which he cannot give,
And assume heaven's own prerogative!

VI.

The cart is mounted; grave Yeomans stands
Unmoved, though jeered by the Roundhead bands,

Who'd have hanged him before his own door that day,
If the Corn Market hadn't stood just in the way.

As it was, they said

He should hang until dead,

Right over against that old inn, "THE NAG'S HEAD,"
Which stood on the spot where, some few years ago,
Was the banking establishment of Savery and Co.

VII.

With ropes round their necks stand the martyrs, in vain
They sue for their pastors; again and again
Three wretches revile them, who stay by their side—
Three villainous Roundheads; they seek not to guide
The souls of the sufferers to peace, but they chide,
And e'en on the eve of departure deride.

VIII.

One moment of silence, every breath
Is hushed,—upon the place of death
Glare thousands of strained eyes, and mark
Yeomans and Boucher that gallows dark
Mount by the ladder: never more
Shall they tread the dear old household floor;
Ten rungs of that ladder alone doth keep
Their bodies from the cold death sleep.

*

*

*

*

*

All is still, one can hardly hear
 The sound of involuntary prayer :
 All is still ; the deed is done
 In the sight of that all-blessing sun ;
 To and fro, a hideous pair
 Of corpses swing in the morning air !

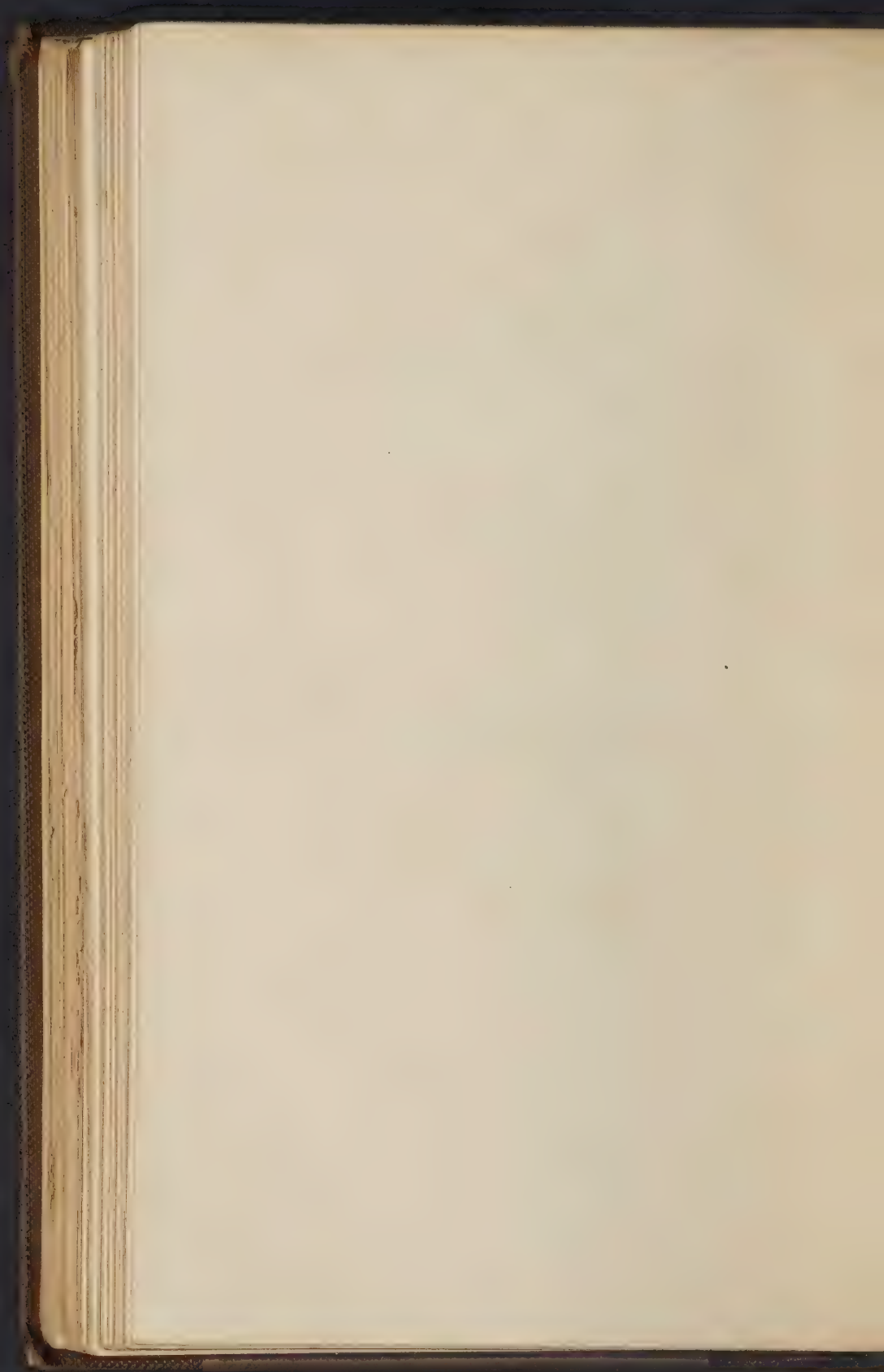
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

IX.

Some years ago, when digging below
 The tomb of one William Little,
 A person who knew, if report be true,
 Of grammar each notable tittle ;
 A workman's spade upon something was laid,
 Hard, and researches led
 To a leaden coffin, and it was thought in
 Its interior was some one dead—
 Some personage great, but as no breast-plate
 Was inscribed with the tenant's name,
 Mr. Smith, with some more, knocked at his door,
 And indecently opened the same.
 When the lid was uplifted, the burglars all shifted
 Their places ;—your rhymer supposes
 They were struck with affright, or overcome with the might
 Of the scent which saluted their noses.



A TRIED MAN.



In the coffin there lay, as if dead yesterday,

A man whose appearance just suited,
From a swelling they saw just under his jaw

That of one who'd been long executed :
No grave-sheets had he, but some clothes fair to see

The corpse of the man was put on well ;
And these things all so prime, were, no doubt, of the time
Of redoubtable Oliver Cromwell.

The state of the body, I'm no such Tom Noddy

To make public as 'twas by the "bleeders,"
Such a flight of my muse would find little excuse

With my fair and most delicate readers.
Mr. Smith—you may see 'em in his famous museum,—

Has the heart, and a drawing *in situ*,
Which, most delicate lady, you need not afraid be
To look at, there's nought to affright you.

A bit of the shirt was grubbed out of the dirt,

'Twas of elegant finely-worked linen,
Which as relics are shown without ever a groan,
For the vile sacrilegious sinning.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

X.

My tale is ended—some may think 'twas Maister Yeomans's
bones

Which in that leaden coffin lay, beneath the old grey stones

Of Maryport. Kind reader, whatsoe'er opinion's thine,
That coffin and that corpse were no more Yeomans's than
mine;

'Tis known that 'twas a man's, but how this man his death-
stroke got

Doth not appear, and further this deponent sayeth not;
Although no crowner ever asked if on a rope or thread
His life hung, sure the verdict may recorded be, "FOUND
DEAD."

RAMBLING RHYMES.

St. Nicholas' Clock.

A TRUE STORY OF BRISTOL.

I.

WHO has not heard of the Devil's tail ?

Long ago

Southey and Co.

Made little children and women pale

By a story respecting Satan's excursion

To earth, for the sake of a day's diversion ;

In which tale 'tis said, that his highness's tailor

Made in his blue breeches,

Hemmed round with strong stitches,

An aperture, so that his *con*-tinuation

Might not be curled up, as if kept by a jailor,

But be waved to and fro when he felt exultation :

From Southey I'll quote, as I wish to be plain,—

“He screw'd it about,

Slipp'd it in—slid it out,

Switched it backward and forward, again and again,

As a fine young gentleman switches his cane.”

This is Southey's, each word,

You may deem it absurd,

But I'll give, as the Laureate has managed to tickle us

With the tail of old Nick, a true tale of St. Nicholas.

II.

There are clocks of all sizes, some large and some small;

There are clocks which keep time—some that do not at all.

For in spite of the wheels and the screws and brass bands,

Time manages somehow to slip through their *hands*;

Some show in each face

That they lose in the race,

And though their affairs are wound up with due rigour,

As they go on mere tick, they but cut a poor figure;

Whilst others, 'tis plain,

To go on make a strain,

Get beforehand with time, and are put back again.

There are black clocks and white—some of brass, some of
wood—

Clocks that will not go on, clocks that would if they could;

Clocks that tell you the time of the tide, and all that,

When the moon groweth thinnish, and when she gets fat;

Clocks (alarums) that wake you full early, and shew
The day of the month when a bill becomes due :

Clocks, in fact, that look bright

As any day light,

And tell to a rake, every hour of the night ;

Clocks, that through thin and thick

Beat those of Sam Slick,

Which brings me through rhyme to my tale of Old Nick.

The Tail.

III.

Mr. Price, one night

Woke up in a fright,

His room was lit up with a brimstone light ;

Nothing he said,

But he roll'd out of bed,

Put on his breeches, and off he sped ;

Up the Back he pelted, as if behind

Was the enemy of all mankind :

He looked at St. Nicholas' steeple fair,

Was it some monster meteor there ?

As he stood on the Bridge, his knees did knock ;

For the strange LIGHT came from ST. NICHOLAS' CLOCK !

IV.

Was it a fable,

Or was he able

To trust his senses ?—the clock, 'twas plain
 Was illuminated, and bright again.
 'Twere idle to tell of the gazer's surprise,
 He hardly believed his own two eyes,—
 For he happened to know,
 That not long ago
 'Twas decreed that St. Nicholas' clock so bright
 Should show no longer the "time o'night."

V.

Mr. Price was astounded—
 Flabbergasted—confounded;
 He was just like a man who is three quarters drowned.
 Scratching his noddle,
 Said he, "I'd best toddle
 And see to the matter;" so getting a torch,
 (Some junk twisted up) he set off for the porch.

VI.

There was Alderman Whitson lying in state,
 With stonen gloves and look sedate;
 As Mr. Price the porch passed through,
 He thought the Alderman's nose burnt blue;
 He opened the door that tower-ward led,
 And the first thing he saw was a horned head,
 And to his surprise,
 A brace of eyes
 Winked like *blazes*—red and blue,
 And a voice said, "Price! I've been waiting for you."

VII.

Be it known that the Devil
Is always civil
To those who greet him with air polite,
And as Mr. Price
Was exceedingly nice
In his bow, old Clooty, with visage quite
Like a courtier, said, "Price, how d'ye do to-night?"

VIII.

No folks but those who very silly are,
With familiars ever are too familiar;—
So thought our hero, and back he drew;
But the "Old un" said, "Price, my boy! 't wont do;
Come, sit down by me, and let us knock
Our tails together about the clock."

IX.

"There's a certain member who is sent,"
Said Satan, "unto Parliament;
Every body talks of his 'tail,'
But if his is long, they'd turn rather pale
At mine, whose tip this very hour
Is more than half way up the tower.
No opposition MY tail can dock,
Just go and see how it lights the clock!"

I'm quite ashamed to see your dial
 Meet every night with a light denial,
 So I thought I'd make a trifling stir,
 And light it up with a Lucifer!"

X.

Mr. Price walked up St. Nicholas' tower,
 As the quarters warned for midnight's hour,
 As upward he went he began to quail,
 For a blue light shone from the Devil's tail!

Mr. Price wasn't scant,
 So he stopp'd to pant,
 He at length reached the clock-house, and there
 the bright
 Tail ended in a fork of light;
 As it lit up the dial, a grinning elve
 Pointed his finger to figure XII.

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

XI.

The clock strikes twelve!
 The grinning elve
 Is off—where's the light?
 For no more 'tis bright;
 All is as black as the black midnight!



ORIGINAL LUCIFERS.



XII.

As Mr. Price, o'ercome with fear,
Rushed downwards, a voice in his startled ear
Roar'd out, "I can't afford, d'ye see,

To light your clock up EVERY night;
The city, as well as the 'Company,'*
Should try if they cannot 'strike a light;'

Brimstone's dear

At this time of year,

And I am wanted another way;
(I only came here now, I declare,
On my annual tour to James's fair,

Nor knew, till I stopp'd,

• That the shows were shopp'd;)

Now, Mr. P., tell your friends, d'ye see,
That if others won't light the clock, I will;—
Perhaps the parish mayn't like my bill;
Though I'll light it cheaper far than they:—
But then—they'll have 'THE DEVIL TO PAY.'"

* The Gas Company.

THE

“Liberty of the Subject practically Exemplified.”

BY A BARRISTER.

“TAUNTON was taken.”—*History of the Duke of Monmouth.*

“RATHER AWKWARD!—On Monday last, an eminent Barrister, who also devotes his time to horticultural and botanical science, received a basket of fine Scotch roots, which were deposited at his chambers. Having dined with the Charity Trustees on Whitson’s birthday, he stopped late in town; but being desirous of examining his roots, he called at his chambers before returning home, and, taking his basket of roots on his arm, proceeded towards the Down. The night was dark, the roots were heavy, and the road was dirty, which rendered his progress slow and unsteady, consequently it was between eleven and twelve o’clock before he reached the foot of the Down, when he was doomed to meet with further delay. A policeman approached—made a recognizance—seized hold of the basket:—‘What have you got here?’ ‘Roots, Sir, Scotch roots!’ ‘Aye, aye, out of Miller’s Nursery, I’ll swear;—what’s your name?’ ‘W—L—T—P—T—.’ ‘Oh, none of your gammon—none of your long jaw-breakers; you have been *grabbing*, Old un; you must come along with me.’ And, in spite of remonstrance, the garden-loving Barrister was obliged to accompany the policeman near a mile towards the Station-house, before they met a gentleman who was returning from the Ringers’ dinner, and who assured the policeman that he was mistaken; and Mr. T. was at last allowed to proceed homeward, with his basket of roots on his shoulder.”—*Bristol Mirror.*

I.

THERE’S a famous Charity Dinner to-day,
 And every Trustee,
 Full of frolic and glee,
 To business applies without any delay:

There's roast and there's boil'd,
 Stew'd, fricasee'd, broil'd,
 Good appetites quickly are getting quite spoil'd;
 And there's seen on the table,
 The truth of a fable
 Of Gay's, for a hare is, for mere private ends,
 Surrounded at once by a number of friends.

* * * *

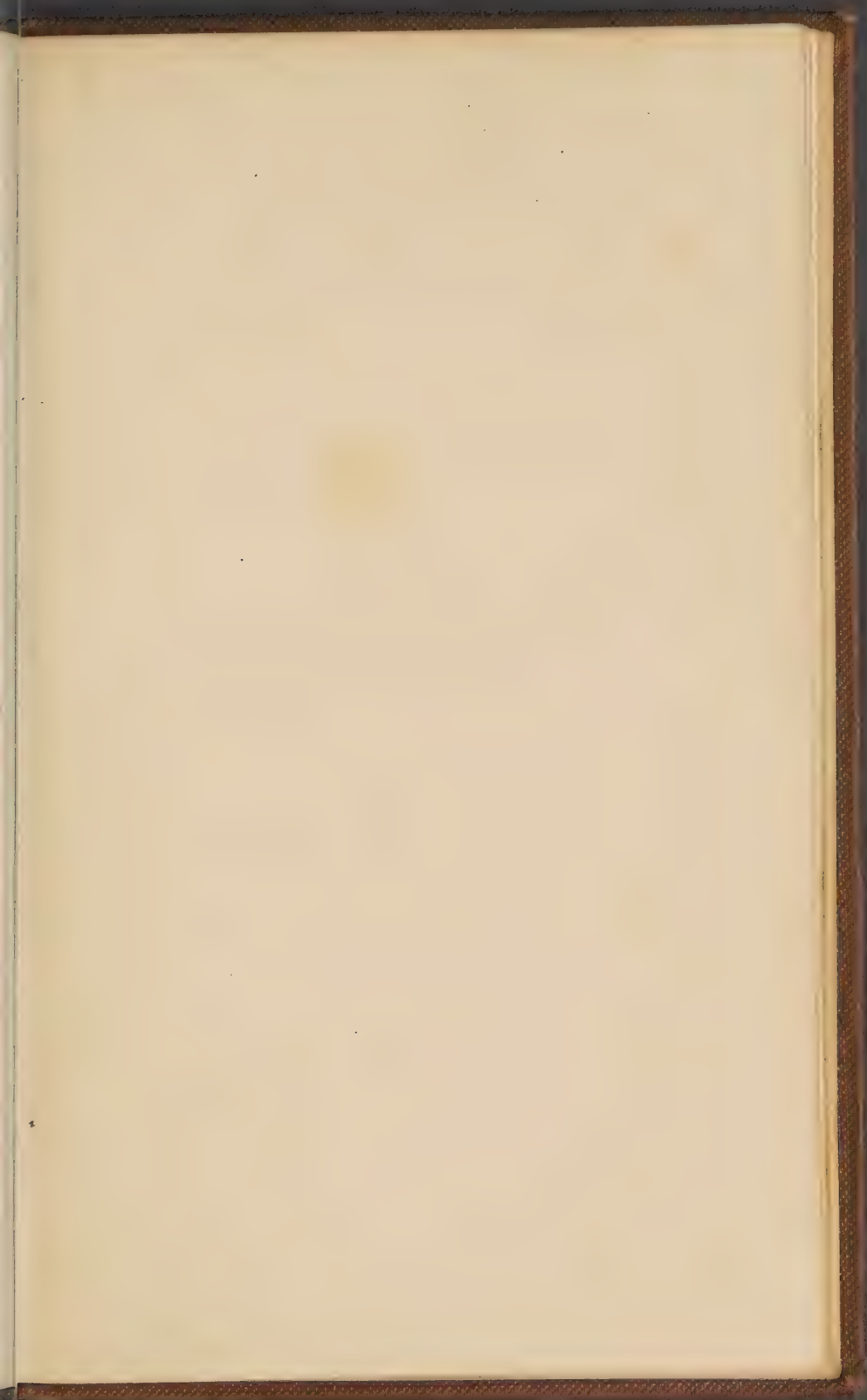
II.

The dinner is done—
 The guests, one by one,
 Are all gone—there's an end to the president's fun,
 His last song is sung,
 The last bell is rung
 By the latest Trustee, who's a *leetle* bit "sprung;"
 No longer the brisk fire of repartee's heard,
 For they've all disappear'd, and the Rummer is clear'd;
 And if you had been
 Near its door, you'd have seen
 A figure, tall, sturdy, and what folks call "strange,"
 Go into some chambers upon the Exchange,
 From whence, before long,
 He emerged with a strong
 Basket of something his shoulders upon.

* * * *

III.

'Tis half-past eleven o'clock and more,
 Policeman B has just woke from his snore,
 Which he'd had as he leant 'gainst a gentleman's door
 By the light of his lantern, what does he see
 Coming along by the Nursery?
 'Tis a man, with a basket heavy and large;
 Says he, "I awoke just in time for a charge!"
 So he watches him closely, and follows his track,
 Till he gets to the foot of the Down—in a crack
 His staff he whips out,
 And thinking, no doubt,
 That an "*old un*" was caught, cried "Hallo! turn about.
 By yer lave ('twas a Paddy,) I think I'll make bould here,
 Jist to see what ye've got in that thing on ye'r shoulder."
 The basket is opened—"How got ye these?"
 The officer asks, as some roots he sees:
 "'Twas a present to me," was the quick reply;
 "Och," said Paddy, "now that's a lie!
 You've grabb'd 'em out o' th' Nursery
 Jist below—so toddle wi' me,
 And let me know what yer name may be."
 The name was told;
 Said Pat, "Yer bold,
 But don't think, my old cock, as I'm goin' to be sold;
 Thim five long names, I plainly sees,
 Are only convanient aliases!





TAIL OF A BARRISTER.

And as for yer bein' lawyer T.
 'Tis a lie as impident as can be,
 Bekase, my cove, I happen to know
 That *he* wouldn't demane himself so low,
 (Were ye even to swear 'till ye wor blue,)
 As to chate the porter out of his due;
 So come, Mr. W. L. T. P. T.
 To Inspector Attwood along wi' me."

* * * *

IV.

Escorted by policeman B.
 (His number I forget,)
 Trudged grumbly poor Mr. T.,
 Until by chance they met
 A friend, who set the matter right,
 And set the prisoner free,
 And put into a precious fright
 The 'cute policeman B.
 The Barrister again at large,
 (And thus ends my narration,)
 Got luckily a full discharge,
 On his first examination.

An Upright Character.

I.

JOHN THOMAS was a P'liceman bold,
And years had number'd few,
Although 'twas sworn on evidence
That he was sixty-two.

II.

A steady youth he seem'd, and yet
'Twas said, to let him down,
Though working for his bread, he was
A "*man about the town.*"

III.

His duties he neglected not,
And when the rogues would tease,
He ne'er was off his *beat*, because
An officer of *peace*.

IV.

Like British soldiers too, he felt
His character at stake ;
For never when he had a chance,
A *charge* he'd fail to make.

V.

'Twas said that John was rather rough,
But John had no resource ;
How could a man be *mild*, who was
The member of a *force* ?

VI.

None could accuse of idleness :—
In his division, he
Improv'd his “ shining hours,” and was
A very “ busy B.”

VII.

And like a careful shepherd too,
When sinners were at large,
He look'd for them, until they were
Committed to his charge.

VIII.

His politics were liberal ;
For should the case demand,
Whig, Radical, or Tory, he
Would take them by the hand.

IX.

Some legislators in the house
Will sit like wooden pegs;—
John did his duty well, he was
For ever *on his legs*.

X.

Of such consistency as his
How little can be found!
Blue was his colour, and he yet
Each day was *going round*.

XI.

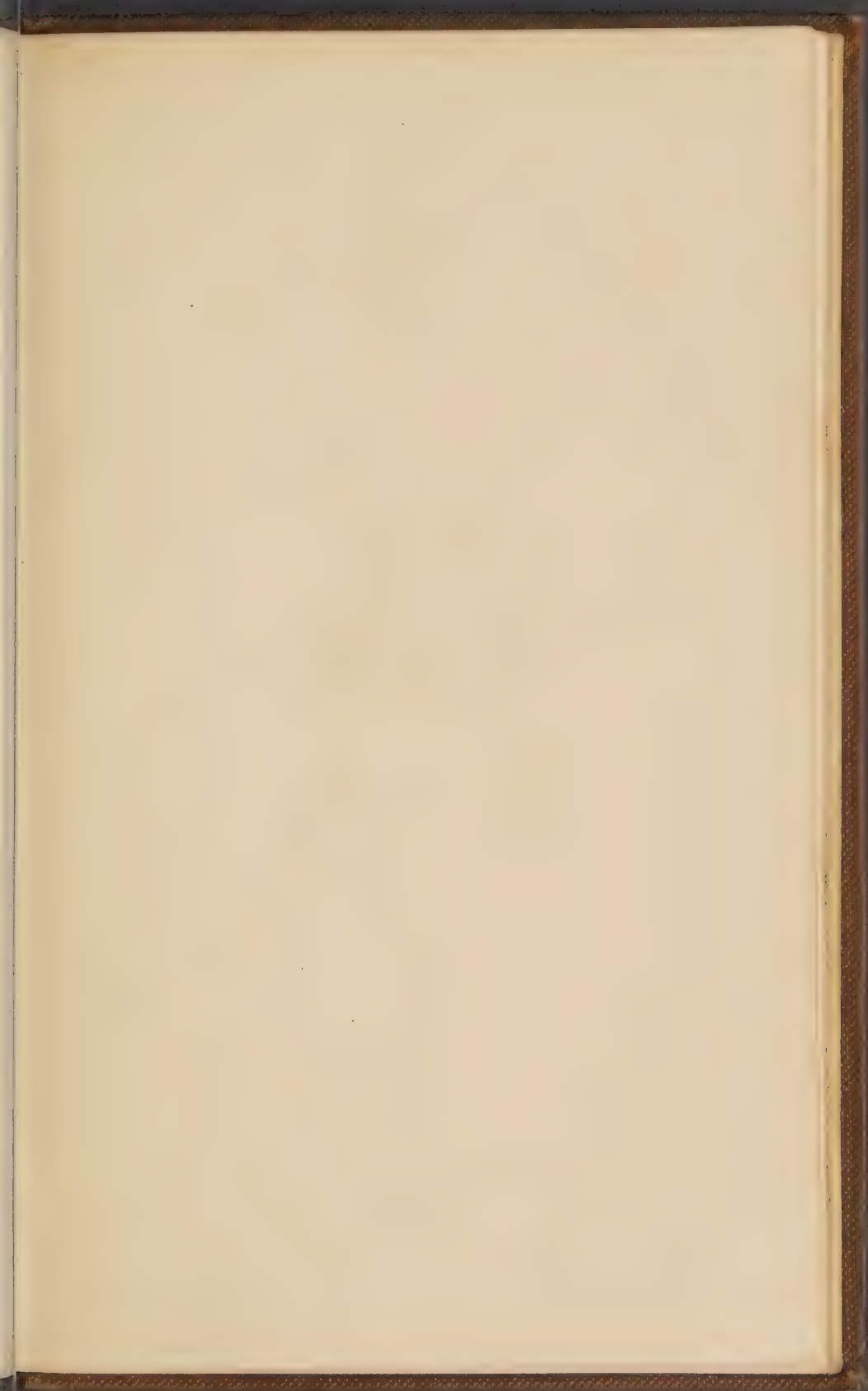
A temp'rate man himself, he wag'd
A war 'gainst drunken arts;
And made a *pint*, like Mr. Crosse,
Of finding out the *quarts*.

XII.

It cannot be denied, that when
He'd got an extra sup,
He'd knock a person down—what then?
He'd kindly *take him up*.

XIII.

Sometimes into a public-house
He'd go, when off his guard,
And if he found a drunken wight,
He found his own reward.





AN UPRIGHT MAN.

XIV.

But John could not escape the fate
Which all at last must meet,
Instead of catching rogues, he caught
A cold upon his beat.

XV.

And though he was so vigilant,
And oft had done his best,
For other's *boxes*, he delayed
Attending to his *chest*.

XVI.

The doctor came and offer'd bail,
Of pills and bolus large ;
'Twas all in vain, and John at last
Was given into charge.

Ode to Captain Hosken,

"THE GREAT CAPTAIN OF THE AGE."

I.

O! Captain Hosken! though I've never made
 With you a trip,
 I'll spin a yarn about your *bark*, and show
 My penman-*ship*.

II.

Your vessel has been praised by high and low—
 No ship is finer
 Than yours. Accept the tribute of a *line*
 From a mere *liner*.

III.

I know but little of your steaming terms,
 And 'twont be odd
 If I should lose my course. Alas! I've no
 "Connecting rod!"

IV.

I scarce have seen your ship—unto *King-road*
I'd have gone down,
But was no poet laureate paid to praise,
Yet *pay a crown*.

V.

You gave *champagne* and *ice*, for which some have
A predilection;
But I don't care for *bubbles*, and dislike
A *cold* reception.

VI.

If all accounts I hear are quite correct,
Each wave you roll
Beneath your stern, reminds the engineer
To *post the coal*.

VII.

Fuel compressed is all the rage—if tried
(I do not joke,)
You certainly will study *Little-ton*,
And also *Coke*.

VIII.

Your engineers are brought up to the *bar*,
And so their care is
To study *Black-stone*, and thereon to make
Their *Commentaries*.

IX.

You have extensive credit, I am given
To understand ;
That, without cheques, you draw upon the banks
Of Newfoundland.

X.

Talking of money matters, I would just
Make here a note,—
A *floating capital* indeed is your
Unrivalled boat !

XI.

Now is the time for you to grasp the prize,
And rivals spurn ;
At present you've a very certain *sail*
And quick *return*.

XII.

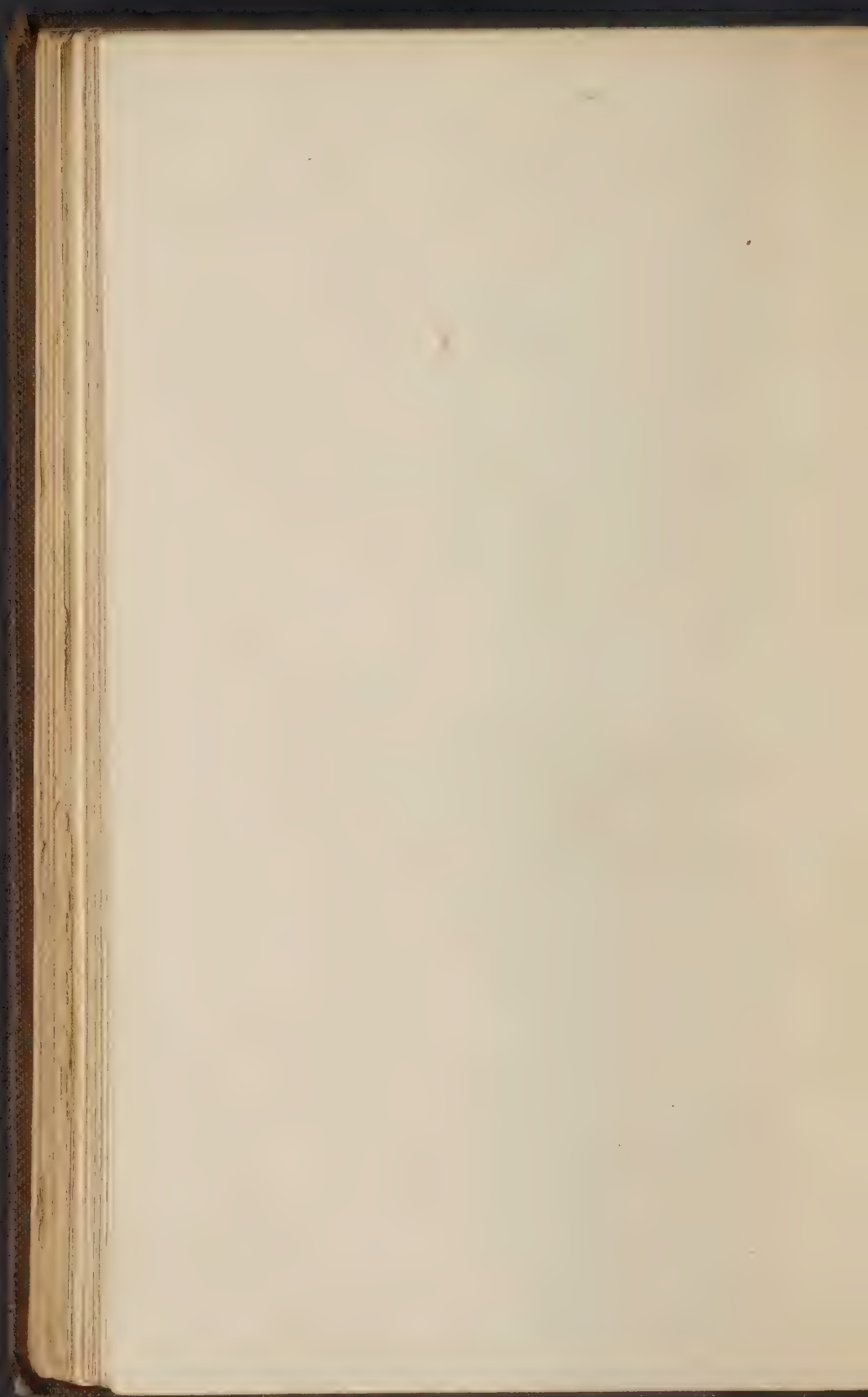
If Bristol people grow supine, and leave
The scheme gigantic,
Which they gave birth to, sure their sleep will be
A *trance-Atlantic*.

XIII.

If the Dock Company "too long delay,"
The truth's *opportune*,—
'There is a "*tide*" in *their* "affairs" which *wont*
"Lead on to fortune."



A DOCK DIRECTOR.



XIV.

I hate to find a fault, but words like these
Stern truth requires;
O! would that in Bristolian ashes lived
Their "wanted fires!"

XV.

I saw your bill-of-fare the other day;
Your cook a wreath
Should have. In some ships, I have heard, they've but
"Wind in their teeth."

XVI.

'Then Mr. Wilson sang you songs upon
"The deep, deep sea."
His *strain* was rather *forced*—he wasn't in
A-merry-key.

XVII.

Miss Sheriff, too, an *hour*i, once did charm
Your idle *hour*;
And, if the steam failed, you had got on board
An extra *Power*.

XVIII.

A *stranger* at New York, they *took you in*
And kindness showed—
Here, were the gates shut on you, and you lay
Out in the *Road*.

XIX.

The "Western" an unnatural parent has,
For all her beauty;
Her mother never *harboured* her, and yet
She asks for *duty*.

XX.

E'en when she was laid up, she couldn't move
Her mother's nature;
To have her frame repaired she did repair
Straight unto *Pater*.

XXI.

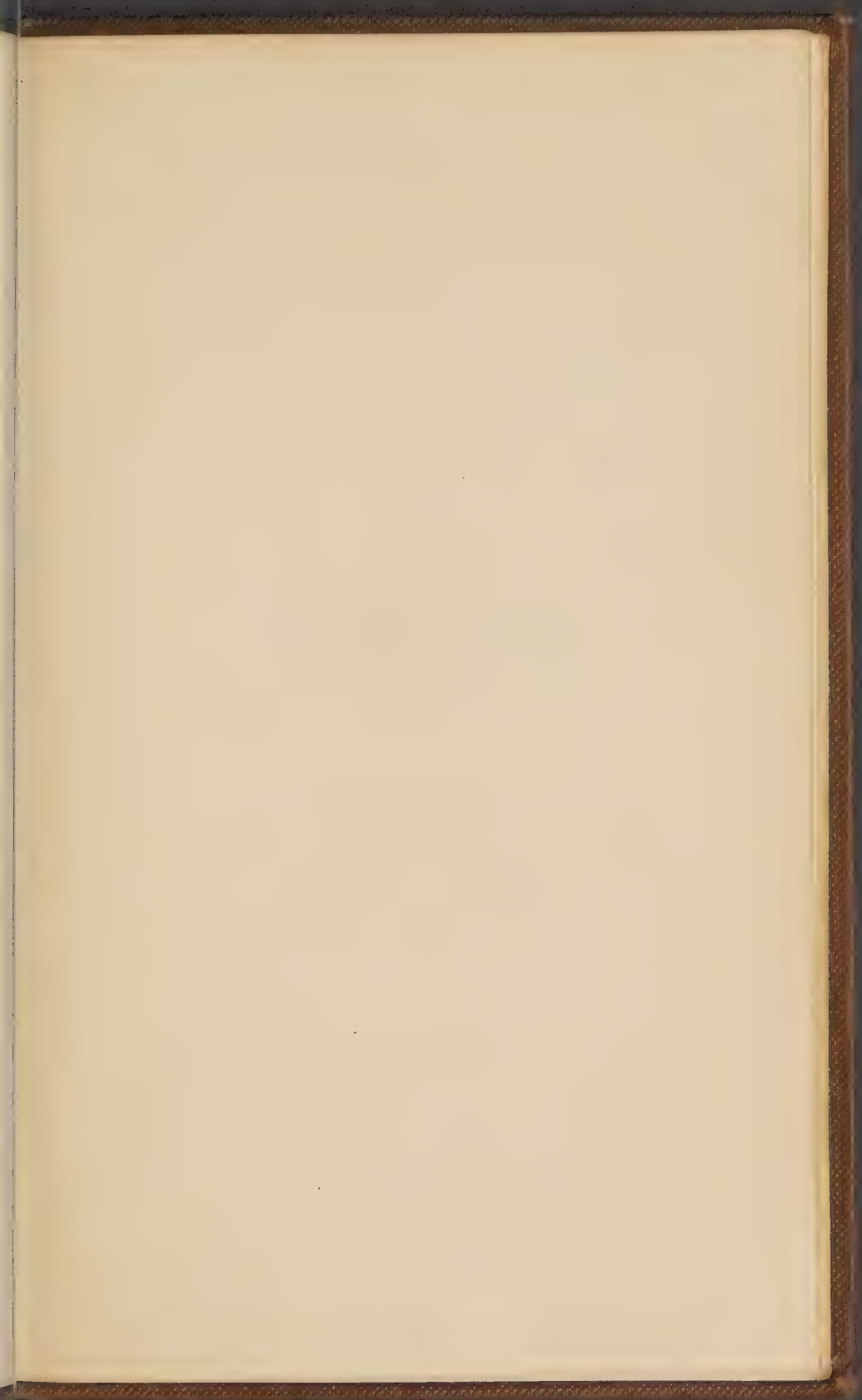
Hull, Liverpool, and other ports, aloud
Cry, "*Go a-head*;"
A certain place that I know seems to say,
"*Reverse*," instead.

XXII.

Your ship is such a handsome one, and has
So rich a coffer,
That 'tis no wonder, from a *Newport*, she
Should have "an offer."

XXIII.

Should she "go off" with some one else, and all
Our hopes be mocked,
The "Western" and the Western City will
Alike be *Docked*.





A MAN OF LETTERS.

Will. Type and Maria Smith;

OR, AN INDEX FOR YOUNG PRINTERS.

WILL. TYPE lov'd one Maria Smith,
 Who kept herself aloof;
 He *set* love's *copy up*—but yet
 Could never *get a proof*.

Maria Smith was rather stout,
 But Will. looked over that;
 He called her *pearl* and *diamond*, when
 He knew that she was *fat*.

But, Oh! she kept her head so high,
 That William often swore,
 Though he was *bourgeois*, he'd not be
 Her *minion* any more.

Still Will. worked hard, both night and day,
 A little cash to save;
 And for the *gal-he* lov'd so well,
 Was quite a *galley* slave.

Thought he, one day, whilst pondering
On his unlucky *case*,
Once more I'll try to win her hand,
And have another *chase*.

'Tis true, I've failed in many ways
To take her heart by storm;
My love I'll just *distribute*, and
Court in another *form*.

When next he met Maria Smith,
He gave a knowing cough,
And said that without *imprint*, he
Had all her love *worked off*.

"I know another, Madam, who
Will not my suit deny;
So take away the supper things—
Confusion to your *pie*!"

Maria straight burst into tears,
And unto William said,
"If you to her have *copy* sent,
I trust it isn't *read*."

Cried Type, "Maria, with your screams
You nearly rouse the town;
I'm quite *set up*, you jade, by you,
And now I'll *set you down*."

My *letters* I've *displayed*, and would
Till now have writ, 'your Will. ;'
But, then, I do not always choose
To be a *posting Bill*.

'Tis very well for author chaps
To write on love's distress ;
For *pressing letters* I've no time,
I work at *letter press*.

There was a time when scarce I knew
If on my head or feet
I stood, though thinking we should rest
Beneath our own *broad sheet*.

I've summoned all my fortitude,
Nor mean for you to pipe ;
I'll ponder on your flinty heart,
And take to *Roman type* !

I'll go so far, Miss, as to joke,
To show you I can laugh ;
Your heart is made of *stone*, and I
A'nt us'd to *lithograph*."

Maria opened both her eyes
Unto her long neglect ;
And sobbing, told her lover, that
His *title was correct*.

She looked into his scornful face,
And vowed, with streaming eyes,
That if he'd give *another proof*,
She would her *tale revise*.

The printer couldn't bear the *press*
Of anguish on her charms;
He had a mind, without *her leaf*,
To *fold* her in his arms.

Full soon *his metal melted down*;
"I'm *sterry-typed*," said he;
"The *devil's* with me all day long—
Will you my *angel* be?"

And then she fell upon his neck—
What followed we may guess;—
Like me, perhaps, he loved too well
The "*freedom of the press*!"

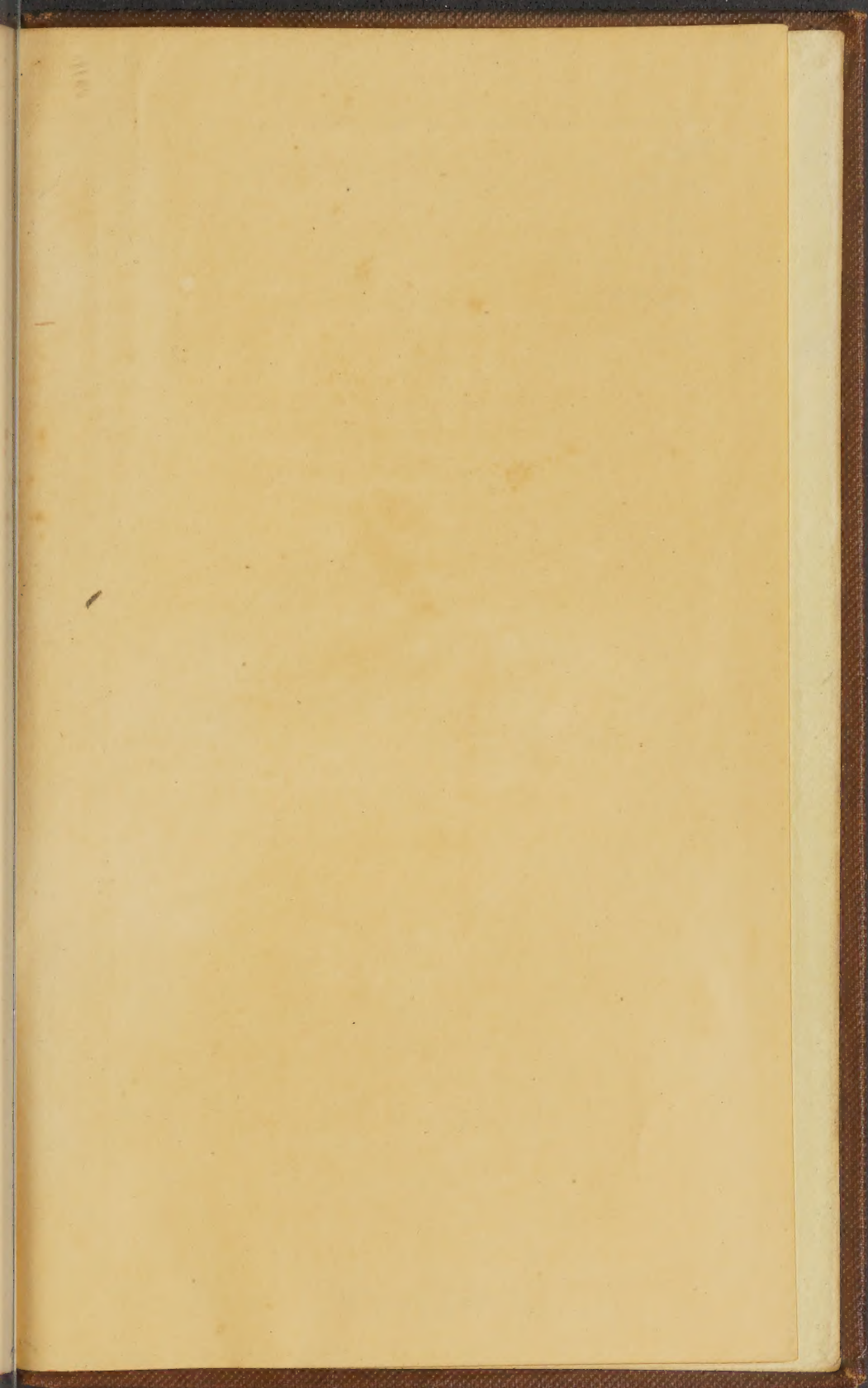


TAIL PIECE.

"Husle, husle"

Richd III. del.





PR
4599
.D64
L6
1839
c.1

4103443

12511

